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SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOVE TO SUIT PURCHASE
COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

The United States Constitution is "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

☞ "What order of men under the most absolute of monarchies, or the most aristocratic of republics, was ever invested with such an odious and unjust privilege as that of the separate and exclusive representation of less than half a million owners of slaves, in the Hall of this House, in the chair of the Senate, and in the Presidential mansion? This investment of power in the owners of one species of property concentrated in the highest authorities of the nation, and disseminated through thirteen of the twenty-six States of the Union, constitutes a privileged order of men in the community, more adverse to the rights of all, and more pernicious to the interests of the whole, than any order of nobility ever known. To call government thus constituted a Democracy is to insult the understanding of mankind. . . . It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and of slavery. There is no name in the language of national jurisprudence that can define it—no model in the records of ancient history, or in the political theories of Aristotle, with which it can be likened. It was introduced into the Constitution of the United States by an equivocation—a representation of property under the name of persons. Little did the members of the Convention from the Free States imagine or foresee what a sacrifice to Moloch was hidden under the mask of this concession."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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Refuge of Oppression.

LET THEM BEWARE.

The Irish citizens have been first and foremost in coming forward to uphold the Constitution, and let the world know that *we have a government*.

They are praised for it. Even from the pulpit, to say nothing of the press, their readiness to fight for *the stars and stripes* has been eulogised. And, surely, they deserve it.

For, if there was any class of citizens who might feel disposed to keep aloof from the struggle, they were the Irish.

After all, the Irish have no reason to thank the United States for any prosperity they may have attained in this country. They have worked more for the improvement of Uncle Sam's Farm than they have for themselves.

The Americans will say that if the Irish have not thrived more, as a body, it is their own fault. This is not true. Because if we take only one section of the field of labor in which the Irish have been employed, that of the building of railroads, it can be proven that, of every *one hundred* laborers, *seventy-five*, at the lowest calculation, have been ruined, and driven to despair by the American (i. e. Yankee) contractors.

THE PILOT has frequently and most uniformly raised its voice against the persecution to which the Irish have been exposed in this country.

"*Irish or Catholic*" is the greatest obstacle to an emigrant, aye, more, to an American citizen. For, if a man is a Catholic and born of Irish parents, he will be sure to meet with opposition.

Things are somewhat changed now.

The Irish element has proven indispensable in the present organization of a band of warriors to oppose rebellion. The Irish element has entered the action with an overwhelming power. The Irish are praised and greeted for their readiness. They are *now* found to be good, indeed.

We have reason to think that a great majority of our Irish people believe that henceforward their services will be taken into consideration, and their rights respected.

Far from it! If they had turned Protestants, they might expect fair play. But because, with a whole-souled promptness, they have volunteered to expose their lives in defence of this country, this will not avail them.

Napoleon I. said the Italian soldiers (and he raised hundreds of regiments of them: fools that they were!) were *good flesh for the enemies' cannon*. Precisely thus do the Americans now look upon the myriads of Irishmen hurrying to the battle-field.

Unfortunately, the Irish are too ready to trust their enemies. Touch the Irish heart's mellow spot, and he is conquered.

Far from us to regret that the adopted Irish citizens have volunteered in behalf of our government.

But we wish to put them on their guard, not to trust too much, not to think that, after their struggle is over, there will be a terrestrial paradise for them in this country. Far from it. As long as the Irish is synonymous of Catholic, they must be persecuted. It is in the interest of bigotted protestantism to keep them down.

It will form the brightest page of Irish history in this country, that the Irish Catholics have shown so firm and tender and noble an attachment for their adopted country, forgetting their disfranchisements, their persecutions, the burning of their churches; but let no Irishman think that, because he has exposed his life in the defence of the country, and lost an arm, an eye, or a leg, they will be respected or treated decently henceforward.—*Boston Pilot.*

THE CIVIL WAR.

Thus far Congress has not shown any disposition to discharge its whole duty to the country. While every intelligent man in the free States admits that the people of the slave States have cause of complaint against the acts and words of Northern men, and against the deliberate action of several of the Northern Legislatures, the present Congress has refused to entertain any proposition assuring the South that its constitutional rights shall be respected. The reason for this refusal is that the South is in arms, and therefore out of the pale of conciliatory legislation. No importance at all is attached to the fact, that the great crime of rebellion is but the result of the course pursued in a majority of the free States. This being the case, the part of wisdom is for the North to retrace its steps, and give assurance for the future, notwithstanding that the war is going on. But, there is a controlling influence at Washington in favor of enlarging, prolonging and intensifying the war without regard to loss of blood and treasure, or a just remodelling of the government. It is, or should be, well known that we do not belong to the class of namby-pamby philanthropists who would have the magistrate bear the sword in vain. We would give to Jefferson Davis and his accomplices the full measure of the law, but we would avail ourselves of the first opportunity to satisfy the people of the South that they shall receive the protection of the law. Should the national government manfully pursue this course, it would be more effectual in bringing the Southern people back to a sense of their duty than a hundred victories over them in the field. But here is the great stumbling-block: swindling contractors will not be able to make their hundreds of millions of dollars, if the war is brought to a close, either by an overwhelming victory or by informal negotiation. The leaders in Congress shrink from discussion. Even Senator Fessenden, of Maine, has submitted a resolve that war bills shall be passed upon without debate. The pretence for this is, it is necessary to be economical of time. The real reason is, that discussion would disclose the participators in the enormous frauds which have already been perpetrated in every branch of the public service. Congress does not mean a short war. The army any navy are to be filled up the Republican and abolition propagandists, and thousands upon thousands of the noble northern masses will have to lay their bones on Southern soil, that contractors may grow rich, and officers, and congressmen, and governors, and judges be rewarded for their patriotic procrastination by the confiscation of rebel estates. Depend upon it, we shall soon see many a loud-mouthed republican lording it over plantations well-stocked with negroes. The gallant fellows who have gone forth to support the "stars and stripes" have no lot or part in this infamous purpose. But notwithstanding all this, the flag must be sustained and the Union be preserved. It may be regretted that this cannot be accomplished, without great pecuniary advantage to the most sordid of villains in every branch of the government and public service. But the Union must be preserved, and then woe betide those who have put it in peril or roll, in wealth obtained by fraud during the war!—*Boston (Catholic) Pilot.*

STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION.

The time draws near for what all Union men are longing to see, the complete triumph of the National Flag over all its enemies. Let it be signalized by a determination, in every locality, to stand solidly by the Constitution; and to resolve to save our noble country from the desecrating hands of madcap Abolitionists.

There is need of such determinations now. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* is an Administration journal, which, in good faith, is standing by the President and the Constitution. Its Washington correspondent, in a letter dated July 13, in which the resolutions of the hot-headed Lovejoy are commented on, says:—"You may depend upon it, there is a deep-laid scheme on the part of the Abolitionists in Congress to commit this Administration to such a course of policy as will indeed make this war a war for the extermination of slavery and slaveholders. This is the first step in the programme. Others will be speedily taken. Now, while the war fever is up, these wily demagogues think that they can carry through any measure, whatever that are directed against the South. Let some member have moral courage enough to move the repeal of the arbitrary rule that prevents all discussion, and let every measure proposed have a full examination." That is from a Republican journal. Not a journal, it is true, of the emancipation stamp of Garrison, Phillips, Boutwell & Co., of this region, but of the school of such noble patriots as Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island. The *Inquirer* believes with President Lincoln, that, because living in Pennsylvania, it has no legal right to interfere with slavery where it exists. But, as there is a desire brewing to interfere, it patriotically sounds the alarm. It tells the country the plot that is plotting. What the correspondent of the *Inquirer* can see in Washington, anybody can see here—namely, that the Northern Secessionists who have been clamoring for thirty years against the Constitution and the Union, are determined to use the war fever to promote their schemes, and suppose they can goad the North into a crusade against the slaveholders and slavery. In what country, under the light of the sun, could so infamous a sentiment as that expressed by Wendell Phillips, on the Fourth of July, be tolerated? We mean that in which he said, that a defeat of General Scott would anger the North into a demand for emancipation? These are his words as to the members of the Administration:—

"I do not believe either of them, nor all of them, nor all their comrades, have the boldness to declare an emancipation policy, until, by a pressure which we are to create the country forces them to it. We are on the one side; the enrolled army of Virginia on the other. A defeat, bloody and cruel, will anger the North into emancipation. A victory that throws the South into madness, and makes her seek any means, in desperation, may force the Government on to emancipation. Let us pray for the life of Jefferson Davis! (Laughter.) God grant him long life, and something of an army! (Renewed laughter.) Let us pray that Heaven, or some power, will put into his heart courage, so that he may not run away too soon (merriment); so that out of the contest may come emancipation."

What infamy! For years it has been, with this Exeter Hall school, perish the Constitution, perish the Union, perish commerce, perish peace, perish national power, but free the slaves: and to this is now added, perish the army that has gone out of the capital, if only out of the noble blood of the citizen soldiery can come the result of emancipation!

And yet the Republicans, who have all along *meant* perhaps only opposition to the late National Administration, or *meant* only opposition to an *extension* of slavery, are now incredulous as to even the existence of such a scheme as is exposed in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. We have heard Republicans, who we know are sincere when they say it, most earnestly affirm, not only that there is no such design entertained, but that they will oppose it, and class Phillips and his sympathizers among the madmen. But there is Lovejoy's insidious resolution, and the support it has got; every day is multiplying evidences of the mischief it is working; and every day the demand grows more urgent for true patriots who mean to stand together around the Constitution of the Fathers as the first of duties, to call to account severely all who are engaged in this anarchical plot.

The House acted wisely in tabling Lovejoy's batch of Abolitionism, but acted timidly in passing a part, declaring it not to be the duty of the Generals to catch and return fugitive slaves. Who supposed the army was raised to do this? Who supposed that, on the application of even a loyal Union citizen, it was General Patterson's duty to send a troop of cavalry to go out in full chase after a band of runaway slaves? Is not this vote either full of evil, or the veriest nonsense that ever insulted a people? It was no more General Patterson's duty to run after slaves than it was his duty to send such a troop after a runaway cow. But President Lincoln stands pledged to respect private property; the local law of Virginia holds that there is property in the negro held to service as well as the cow; and, as the boy driving his cow to and from pasture was unmolested, so if that boy were a slave, it would be a duty not to molest him. Now, our Generals refuse to receive or employ the runaway slaves of loyal citizens. To do so would *not* be respecting private property. It would be a breach of faith most clear and manifest. It would be a stultification of the promise made by the President. Let it be known that the slaves of loyal Union citizens are to be received into the camps of our Generals, set at work on fortifications; let this be proclaimed throughout Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Missouri and Kentucky, and what would become of the loyal Union cause in these States? Now the virus of this contemptible Lovejoy resolution consists in this:—that it can be perverted, and will be perverted, by the Secessionists, into a proclamation for slaves to run into our camps; and the members of Congress, who mean to be true to the Constitution, ought to have had manhood enough to have voted the insidious resolution out of the House. This Abolition leader, Lovejoy, is as unconstitutional as is Clark, whom the House has expelled. His course tends directly to the shedding of rivers of precious blood. Davis and Beauregard might well afford to give him a pension.—*Boston Post.*

"We are all for the war here, and when the North subjugates the South, there will be none left living; our women will fight. All we are sorry for is, that your folks don't come along, and give us a chance at them. We will show them that we all have sand in our gizzards. I expect to leave in a few days for Virginia. I take with me three of my negro men, who will die by me. We are raising two regiments of negroes to act as guerrillas in Virginia, and Lincoln's tribe had best keep a good look out, for they swear vengeance against him and his crew; they say Lincoln can't fool them. We hung seven men in this place, a few days since, and there are several more to hang."—*Letter from Georgia.*

Selections.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

We are indebted to the author for a pamphlet of fifty large octavo pages, entitled "The Great Conspiracy—an Address delivered at Mount Kisco, West Chester County, N. Y., on the 4th of July, 1861, by John Jay, Esq." It is an elaborate exposition of the rise and object of the Secession movement, and of the structure of the national government, and is of historical value. Mr. Jay is walking worthily in the footsteps of his illustrious father and grandfather, in supporting the cause of freedom and free institutions. Below we give an extract from his excellent Address.

You remember that, in 1774, the members of the first Congress at Philadelphia, on behalf of the Colonies which they represented, entered into certain articles of association, "under the sacred ties of virtue, honor, and love of country." That, in 1778, the States united in a Confederacy, or what they called "a firm league of friendship with each other," under the title of the United States, and that, under this league made by the States, they continued until 1789, when, "in order to form a more perfect union"—not the States—but, "We, *the people of the United States*," ordained and established the present Federal Constitution. You remember that, from the date of the peace in '83, when we were a mere league of petty sovereignties, we sank rapidly,—in the words of Mr. Motley, whose conclusive essay in the London *Times* has enlightened Europe,—"into a condition of utter impotence, imbecility and anarchy," which continued until we were rescued from it by "The Constitution of the United States," which made us, in every sense, one nation, with one supreme government; although, for convenience, we retained the plural title under which we had achieved our independence, of "The United States."

Any argument, therefore, addressed to you upon the constitutional right, alleged by the rebels, of a State to secede from the Union would be quite superfluous. Men have been allowed to talk of State sovereignty as it liked them, because ours is a free country, and in ordinary times the utmost liberty of speech is permissible; but the doctrine has not even a respectable foothold. Washington, as if foreseeing the evil it has assisted to bring forth, denounced it as "that monster, State sovereignty." Webster and Jackson successively demolished it; and the argument now insolently advanced by leaders of the rebel States, that, in seceding from the Union, and seizing its property, they are only exercising their reserved rights under the Constitution, is one which to every intelligent and loyal American carries with it its own refutation.

The man who attaches to it the weight of a feather is either singularly ignorant of American history, or his reasoning powers are hopelessly perverted.

The rebels, despite their pretended plea of constitutional right, virtually admit its groundlessness, and fall back on the right of revolution. That is a right which no American can deny, when the causes of justification are sufficient. The simple cry of rebel and revolutionist has no terror for us who remember that Washington and our ancestors occupied the position of both the one and the other.

All, then, depends upon the reality and sufficiency of the assigned causes of this attempt at revolution. Are they such as to justify the effort to break in pieces the American Union? to destroy this last experiment of popular government?

The arguments offered by the insurrectionists and their friends, to show that the Federal Government and the loyal States should quietly allow them to depart and form a separate confederacy, are these:—

That the rebellion or revolution is the act of the people of those States, exercising their sovereign will:—

That they have been compelled to this step in self-defence by the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the refusal of certain Northern States to fulfil the constitutional obligation of returning slaves:—

That the present position of the rebels, and the fact of their having ousted the Federal Government from its forts, and other property, exhibit their strength, make the revolution an accomplished fact, and render the attempt to subjugate the Southern people utterly hopeless:—

That even if they were subjugated, harmonious feeling could never be restored; and that for these reasons, and especially the last, a war to maintain the integrity of the Union would be alike wicked and foolish.

These, I believe, are their strong points fairly stated, and I will briefly state some of the grounds on which we believe them to be, one and all, erroneous and delusive.

In the first place, the fact is clear that the rebellion at the South was not, in its inception, like the rebellion of the American colonies,—a calm, deliberate, determined movement of the people; but that it was a conspiracy originating with a few ambitious politicians, and was by them suddenly precipitated upon the people, whose right to pass upon their acts of secession has been purposely, systematically, and practically denied. "There is," said Webster,—and his words were never before so fearfully illustrated,—"no usurpation so dangerous as that which comes in the borrowed name of THE PEOPLE; which, calling itself their servant, exercises their power without legal right or constitutional sanction."

You all remember the stern rebukes uttered by the Southern press, of the rash precipitancy of South Carolina, and the efforts made by their prominent statesmen, among whom Mr. Stephens was one, to stay the efforts of the rebel leaders to plunge the South into rebellion. Even after several States had, by their conventions,—and the convention of Louisiana was elected by a minority of the people,—been declared out of the Union, and after delegates from those conventions had met in Congress at Montgomery, and extemporized their new confederacy, the bolder part of the Southern press did not hesitate to denounce the usurpation.

The "Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel*"—a leading paper of Georgia—openly declared that the result had been produced by "wheedling, coaxing and bullying, and all the arts of deception." It said:—

"We know, as well as any one living, that the whole movement for secession and the formation of a new government, so far at least as Georgia is concerned, proceeded on a *quasi* consent of the people, and was pushed through under circumstances of great excitement and frenzy by a fictitious majority."

And then, passing to the Montgomery Congress, it added:—

"The Georgia Convention and the Confederate Congress have gone forward in their work, as none can deny, without explicit and direct authority from the people." * * * "It is time that this assumption of power should cease, and that the people should be heard. Sooner or later they must be heard." * * * "Before the Convention assembles to ratify the permanent Constitution, let them submit it to the vote of the people—or else, let us have an election for a new Convention. For union—for harmony—for strength—we ask this simple act of justice."

Simple justice was not the aim of Jefferson Davis and his co-conspirators. To this day, the people of the South have been allowed no opportunity of passing upon the profoundest question that can affect a nation—the preservation or overthrow of its institutions; and the rebel government is an usurpation of the grossest kind, not only against the people of the United States in their sovereign capacity, but against the people of the States in whose name it assumes to act, and by whose will it pretends to have been established.

The declaration, so solemnly made by the seceding conventions, appealing to the world for the justice of their cause, that Mr. Lincoln's election, the non-execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Personal Liberty Laws of Northern States, compelled them to separate from a government that threatened their dearest rights, is equally disproven out of their own mouths. Listen to the following utterances from the very leaders of the rebellion:—

Mr. RHETT said: "The secession of South Carolina is not the event of a day. It is not anything produced by Mr. Lincoln, or by the non-execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. It is a matter which has been gathering head for years."

Mr. PARKER: "It is no spasmodic effort that has come suddenly upon us, but it has been gradually culminating for a long series of years."

Mr. KEITT: "I have been engaged in this movement ever since I entered political life."

Mr. INGLIS: "Most of us have had this matter under consideration for the last twenty years."

That these declarations had a broad basis of truth, and that a plot to destroy the Union has been hatching for a long period, and has been deferred only until a convenient opportunity, is no longer a matter of speculation. The election of Mr. Lincoln was not the cause, but only the occasion. Mr. Everett, in a recent letter said, that he was "well aware, partly from facts within his personal knowledge, that leading Southern politicians had for thirty years been resolved to break up the Union as soon as they ceased to control the United States government, and that the slavery question was but a pretext for keeping up agitation and rallying the South."

The Richmond *Enquirer* in 1856 declared, "If Fremont is elected, the Union will not last an hour after Mr. Pierce's term expires;" and a careful examination will show that, from the attempt at nullification by South Carolina in 1832, which was defeated by a stern determination of General Jackson that the "Union must and shall be preserved,"—a sentiment that was enthusiastically responded to by the country at large,—the design has been secretly cherished, by a knot of conspirators at the South, of destroying the Union, whenever the men entertaining this design should no longer be able to control its government. So long as they could enjoy its honors and emoluments, and use its prestige, its treasury, its army, and its navy for their own purposes, they were content that it should stand; but the moment these were wrested from their grasp by the will of the people, that moment the Union was to be destroyed.

So long ago as the year 1799, Judge Marshall, in a letter to Washington, dated at Richmond, remarked:—"To me it seems that there are men who will hold power by any means rather than not hold it, and who would prefer a dissolution of the Union to the continuance of an administration not of their own party." And Mr. Stephens declared, in regard to the present conspiracy, that the ambition of disappointed office-seekers constituted "a great part of the trouble."

General Jackson, after the South Carolina rebellion of 1832 was suppressed, foretold its attempted revival at no distant period, remarking that "the first time the pretence was the tariff, and the next it would be the negro question."

In 1836, twenty-five years ago, a political novel, called the "Partizan Leader," was published by Professor Beverly Tucker, of William and Mary College, in Virginia. It excited no sensation then, but it possesses a singular interest now. It proceeds upon the theory, that the events it describes as then happening would happen twenty years after—that is, in 1856, when Fremont would have probably been elected but for the frauds in Pennsylvania; and it gives, with singular accuracy, the programme of the conspiracy which is now in progress. The author describes the Southern States as seceding "by a movement nearly simultaneous," and immediately forming a Southern confederacy. Let me quote a paragraph:—

"The suddenness of these measures was less remarkable than the prudence with which they had been conducted. The two together left little doubt that there had been preconcert among the leading men of the several States, arranging previously what should be done. * * * Nor was it confined to the seceding States alone. In Virginia, also, there were men who entered into the same views. * * * Not only had they sketched provisionally the plan of a Southern confederacy, but they had taken measures to regulate their relations with foreign powers."

What a flood of light is thrown upon the conspiracy by these few words from one of the earliest of the conspirators, who seems to have anticipated in part the rôle to be played by his own State of Virginia!

There being indications of her ultimate accession to the confederacy, the author says:—"The leading men" referred to "had determined to wait for her no longer, but to proceed to the execution of their plans, leaving her to follow."

Could the acute novelist have anticipated the proceedings of the pseudo-peace convention, and the conduct of Virginia traitors, headed by an ex-President Tyler and an ex-Governor Wise, he might have eulogised the leaders of the ancient dominion for their treacherous skill in deluding the country with schemes of compromise, while the preparations of the rebels were advancing to completion.

Mr. Everett, who was a warm advocate for the Peace Convention, has told us that "those conciliatory demonstrations had no effect in staying the progress of secession, because the leaders of that revolution were determined not to be satisfied."

In reference to the measures referred to by Professor Tucker, looking towards the relations of the new confederacy with foreign powers, it may be worth while to allude to a recent statement, that, in the days of Mr. Calhoun, a plan for the dissolution of the Union, and the formation of a great slaveholding power, was presented by his friends to Lord Aberdeen, and that some words attributed to that statesman are supposed to have given rise to the hopes of British sympathy, in which Southern politicians have so frequently indulged. It is said on high authority, that, at different times, and especially in 1851, these projects had been broached to members of the British ministry, and that on that occasion they were disclosed by Lord Palmerston to our minister, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and that the Southern commissioners, disheartened by the coolness with which their overtures were received, and also by the fate of the Lopez expedition, returned discomfited to the United States.

In 1857, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, announced as a fact, on the floor of the Senate, that the British government had changed its opinion on the slavery question; but an early occasion was taken by that government to contradict the assertion of Mr. Mason, the Duke of Argyll declaring that he was instructed by her Majesty's ministers to do so.

Blind as we have all been to the catastrophe that awaited us, unconscious as were the people, both at the North and at the South, of this preconcert among a few leaders in the different States, we can now trace, step by step, the progress of the conspiracy, and read the history of the last thirty years without an interpreter; we can understand the motive of the Texan rebellion, the war with Mexico, the persistent efforts to secure Cuba, the fillibustering expeditions to Central America, and the determination to re-open the African slave trade. We can appreciate, too, the caution with which the plan of the rebellion was concealed, and especially the adroitness with which the people were allowed no time for reflection, no opportunity for action, their consent assumed on the plea of necessary haste, and the acts of secession pushed through the conventions, as charged by the Georgian editor, with no regard to popular rights, and under circumstances of excitement and frenzy by fictitious majorities.

THE WAR AND EMANCIPATION.

And, finally, even if the government had the right (as I have attempted to show) to decree the emancipation of the slaves in the States, and it should be expedient by and by for its own safety to use the right, will it, after all, be a kindness to the slave to do so? That a state of freedom is better for the negro than a state of bondage has, of course, been implied and urged in all that I have said in these successive sermons on this topic, and is not a question to be opened now. But the particular point, concerning which mercy to the slave now bids us look, is this: whether, if emancipation be undertaken by the Federal government, and, as would most likely be the case, against the will of the majority of slaveholders, the slave cut adrift from his present position would not be left in a state of lawlessness and domestic war worse than slavery itself? If the government were only to decree the emancipation of the slaves, and then leave them, in the midst of a strong and vindictive enemy, to their fate, or to get their freedom as best they could, then this question might well startle us. But the same humanity that bids us give freedom to the slave, bids us also provide that freedom be given to him, not with anarchy and violence, but with its proper blessings of order, and prosperity, and peace. It is not possible, nor desirable perhaps, to fix at this time the details of any scheme of emancipation, because we want, if possible, that the scheme should be fixed in the South itself,—the government only taking the position that emancipation there must be, but willing to cooperate with the South, or with any part of the South, in determining the best way to bring it about. But I do not think that we can look for any such thing as a forced expatriation of the colored race, or to colonizing it in any part of our own country in a territory by itself. As a matter of political economy, no country can thus afford to expel so large a portion of its laboring population. The slaves will be needed after emancipation, as now, on the soil where they were born and bred. That there will be difficulties attending emancipation on the soil is, of course, true. We cannot expect that this demon of slavery is to be cast out of the nation without some convulsive struggles of the baser parts of human nature. But, all things considered, and especially the humanity of the question considered, there will be fewer difficulties, I believe, in the way of emancipation on the soil, than of any other scheme; and no difficulties which a great nation like ours, with a firm and Christian determination to do justice to the negro, cannot conquer. In all the fifteen slave States, there are but 350,000 slaveholders—a good deal less than the population of Philadelphia, and considerably less than half of the population of New York. They have great power indeed, but their power is to be essentially broken by this rebellion. The most prominent and mischievous among them will have to flee the country, in order to escape the gallows. The power of the slaveholding class thus enfeebled, the non-slaveholders in the South must rise in political and social importance; and through their coöperation, together with the coöperation of those among the slaveholders who sincerely desire to get rid of slavery, (of which class I cannot but think there is a considerable number,) the general government, sustained by the Christian humanity of the North, will be able, I believe, to work out the problem of emancipation on the soil, with fewer evils than can attend any other mode of emancipation, and finally to a most happy issue.

Is the government to emancipate the slaves, and leave them to their fate? By no means. They are committed, under Providence, to the Christian care of this nation, as a sacred trust, and to be educated into the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, into the power and nobility of manhood. They are our neighbors, towards whom we are to fulfill that "royal law according to the Scripture," which is above every human law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." With an act of emancipation, let there be a new Executive Bureau established, with a new Cabinet officer, whose duties shall be to care for, and protect, and educate these four millions of new-born freemen, the youngest and tenderest children of the Republic. Let every plantation be turned into an agricultural colony of free laborers. Let the overseer with his lash give way to the cashier with his purse, and the teacher with his book. Let the tie of master and slave be forgotten in that of employer and men. In short, let every plantation become a home, a school, a Christian colony; and let benevolent men and women, of practical power, give their services to these seminaries of freemen for such various offices of instruction and mercy as will be needed. Does any one say, "All this is chimerical"? I answer by asking, is it not Christian? That such a work can be accomplished without labor, without obstacles and discouragement, and here and there a failure, is not to be expected. But is it not a work at least worth trying to do? And is not success in such a work an object worthy of a nation's aim? And if Christianity is true, ultimate success is sure. Let our nation, then, take up this work, which Providence now offers to its hands, with earnest and solemn purpose. By so much as it elevates the slave, will it ennoble itself. Great is our country in ancestry and historic renown; great in martial glory; great in prosperity and population; great in extent of territory, stretching from ocean to ocean; great in its commerce, whitening every sea; great in material resources, filling the land with wealth; great in privileges of civil and social freedom; great in its institutions of charity, of religion, of education; but, greater than all these, Providence now waits, yearns, to crown it over all the nations of the earth, as great in its humanity.—[*Extract from a Sermon by Rev. W. J. Potter, of New Bedford.*

GERRIT SMITH TO OWEN LOVEJOY.

PETERBORO, July 12, 1861.

HON. OWEN LOVEJOY, M. C.

MY DEAR SIR: From its action on your resolutions, I infer that Congress is not disposed to repeal the Fugitive Slave statute.

I judged, after the bombardment of Sumter, that the North would put down the rebellion in a few months. But if the patience of the Cabinet with the pro-slavery threats and deeds of some of our Commanders, and the pro-slavery Congressional voting referred to, are to be taken as reflecting the Northern mind, then did I widely misjudge. For then the North is not in earnest; and if she is not, or is not soon to be, then the rebellion will never be overcome. Our Revolutionary Fathers were in earnest—so much so as to employ not only negroes, but savages. Our enemies are in earnest. Whilst we will not so much as LET the negroes help us, they MAKE them help them. Nay, it seems that when such helpers of our foes desert to us, Congress would still have us return them to our foes. Was ever such infatuation before? Is it possible that either Congress or Cabinet is more concerned to save slavery than to crush the rebellion? Possibly both are. Possibly the people are. Possibly slavery has debauched Congress, Cabinet, and people, beyond recovery. Possibly, having so long succumbed to slavery, it may be as vain to try to arouse us against it, as to arouse the mass of the drunkards against drunkenness, or the mass of the gamblers against gambling. When I saw the refined ladies of the South presenting canes to Preston Brooks in honor of his murderous assault on Charles Sumner, I feared that slavery had utterly and incurably spoiled the American heart. This fear was renewed when I saw the voting on your resolutions. I see that Congress has since spoken against the army's helping slavery. But it would still have the civil power help it—aye, and the army too, behind the civil power.

Our government is now calling for hundreds of millions more of money, and for hundreds of thousands more of soldiers. This is right, if necessary to put down the rebellion. Let that be put down unconditionally and forever, even though at the necessity of arming us all, and reducing us all to poverty. But why take a costly and weary way to put it down, *when a cheap and short one is at hand?* Why choose crushing burdens of debt and immense human slaughter, when both can be avoided? The liberation of the slaves has obviously become one of the necessities, and therefore *one of the rights of the country.* Let the President, in his capacity of Commander of the army, proclaim such liberation, and the war would end in thirty days. The South, beside that she would, when her millions of chattels are transmuted into men, have quite too much to fight against, would, when her slavery is annihilated, have nothing left to fight for. Our army, in the event of the President's Proclamation, would be already large enough. There would then be no squeamishness about letting ten or fifteen black regiments move Southward from Canada and the Northern States: and with that most attractive and efficient help, many of our white regiments might be left to "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

That the President is authorized to liberate the slaves is as clear as that he may, when judging there is military necessity for it, order the destruction of all the railroads in the slave States. But it will be said that, on the return of peace, the government would provide payment for the railroads. So could it for the slaves also. Perhaps when the war is over, the government will think it best to recall slavery, and re-establish it more firmly than ever—nay, even suitable; nevertheless, it does not follow that it must be maintained in a state of war. A people may find their railroads an estimable facility in peace, but a fatal one in war. It will also be said that the President cannot be induced to proclaim liberty to the slaves. Why not? His writings abundantly show that he hates slavery, and that he has tolerated it only through a construed necessity. Let Congress invite the Proclamation by repealing the Fugitive Slave act; and, as sure as the war continues, the Proclamation will not be long delayed. Only let Congress encourage the step, and the President will at once end the war, and save the nation from impoverishment, and tens of thousands of families from bereavement, and broken hearts. Will Congress prefer poverty and blood? Fearful will be its responsibility for the guilty preference. Is it apprehended that liberating the slaves would lead to insurrections? That alone can prevent them. The war prolonged, and the South will herself call on our government to protect her from her slaves.

Hitherto, the North has excused itself to itself, and to Europe, for not abolishing slavery. Its plea has been, that it had not the right to do so. But what can be its plea now?—now, when the South has given it the right, and when, by all the rules of war, it is at full liberty to exercise the right? In making war upon us, the South has authorized us to cripple her in all the ways we can.

It may be that we can (though I do not believe that God will let us) put down the rebellion, and yet save slavery. But what if we can? Is slavery so precious to the North, that she can afford to save it at the cost of half her wealth and tens of thousands of her men? One would think, that she had rather put down slavery along with the rebellion, and so blot out forever the sole cause of the rebellion.

This shrinking of Congress from repealing the Fugitive Slave act will, I doubt not, go far to prepare Europe to expect the success of the rebellion, and to prepare her to recognize the new nation. She will measure our earnestness against the rebellion by our earnestness against slavery. *She sees, if we do not, that the war of the South is simply a war for slavery.* A strange spectacle our nation must be in the eyes of Europe! What is there that such a nation as France or England would NOT do to save itself in an appalling rebellion? But, such is the amazing conduct of our nation as to occasion the inquiry—what is there that it will do? What must Europe think of this American chivalry, which regards it as dishonorable to avail itself of an element of weakness in a merciless and dangerous foe? What must Europe think of this greater tenderness for the persons and property, aye, even the conventional property, of foes, than for the persons and property of friends? I once heard an office-seeker, who was intent on making himself acceptable to all parties, speak of "our friends and our opposing friends." The gentle bearing of our government reminds me of the mincing style of the office-seeker. Our government seems to recognise our foes as but "opposing friends."

Can it be that Congress is still trammelled by the absurd regard for the loyal slave States? No State is loyal that would have the negroes work for instead of against the rebellion. No man is loyal who would have it. No man is a true American, who, when America is warred on, will not welcome to her side the services of every American.

I am glad that Congress has resolved to meddle with nothing at this session beyond the war question. But utterly absurd is the inference of many, that it must not therefore meddle with the slave question. *The slave question is the war question. The war began in slavery, and it will end but with slavery.*

Unceasingly, both penwise and lipwise, I am asked what the Abolitionists should do. I answer that the one present work of both Abolitionists and anti-Abolitionists is to put down the rebellion: and that, as the most reasonable, hopeful and efficient means to this end, both Abolitionists and anti-Abolitionists should petition the President to proclaim the liberty of the slaves.

Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

THE RESULT---IS IT A PROPHECY?

There is a divinity shaping the course of this war, and we must accept its fortunes and its misfortunes with equal trust and hopefulness. There is one thing, and only one, at the bottom of the fight,—and that is, the *negro*. And yet, both North and South are studiously ignoring the fact, and deceiving themselves, and trying to deceive the world, as to the cause of the quarrel! The South pretends to be fighting for independence, but it is fighting for the establishment of human bondage as the basis of republican government. The North, or loyal States, claim to be fighting for the reestablishment of the Constitution and laws, and to have no thought of property or social institutions in their minds. But they know that, until slavery changes its relation to government, and becomes its complete *subject*, instead of its arrogant master, the peace and safety of the republic are impossible.

If our army had been victorious at Manassas, they would have marched on to Richmond, and ended this war on a false basis; both parties ignoring to the last the cause of the war. The God that rules over all, and does exact justice in the end to bond and free, would not permit a compromise of this sort to forestall his providence. And he has awakened the nation, as by the shock of an earthquake.

Would anything short of our unexpected repulse at Manassas have quickened the conscience and judgment of twenty millions of people in regard to this conflict? The ghost of long-murdered liberty to millions of weak and despairing captives leaves its tomb, and haunts our army, and frights it to panic and flight.

Now shall we learn, anew and rightly, our position and duties. We have an enemy to meet who has long defied God and man—who has for generations outraged justice and humanity — and who threatens to extend over a whole continent the diabolism of his rule. Shall we strike the monster where he is vulnerable? Shall we thrust in our spear where the cancer of his crime invites to surgery? Shall we "fight the devil with fire," according to the wisdom of the ancients? Let a paralyzed army and a reeling nation answer.—*N. Y. Times.*

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

That slavery is the cause of the war, and that we cannot have peace till it is abolished. The voice of the people must be heard, calling aloud for the immediate overthrow of this bloody Moloch, to whom so many human sacrifices have already been offered. We have endured the tyranny of this monster too long. We are now suffering the just penalty of our toleration of such wickedness.

Why are we so timid about attacking the lion in his den? Are we afraid of his power? Why so much hesitating about declaring our purpose to put away this villany? Why do all our officers and leading men put on their gloves, and handle slavery so carefully? Such timidity is base. But let us not blame our officers or government: they are our servants and instruments to do our bidding, and to be used by us at will. We, THE PEOPLE, must speak out, and cry loud and long Let DOWN WITH SLAVERY become the watchword and the battle-cry—let us shout it till every Southron trembles, and till every slave shall join the shout for Freedom. Then we shall have a real and permanent peace—not before.

This Moloch will fatten on our soldiers, slain in bloody strife, and grow strong to crush out our freedom, and put chains on us all, if we let him live. We must take his life—we must utterly destroy him—and every one of his chained victims must be set free.

Shout our war-cry, and soon the angels from heaven shall be heard proclaiming in thunder-tones, "FALLEN! FALLEN! SLAVERY, THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND OF ALL THE ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH!"—*Ashtabula Sentinel.*

VALUE OF "CONTRABAND" SLAVES.

As slaves are esteemed *property* by the laws and customs of the rebellious States, they would be legitimate subjects of confiscation under the provisions of Senator Wilson's bill. Many thousands of them could be confiscated to great advantage to the national army. They could be made exceedingly useful to the troops as laborers, as in handling baggage, driving wagons, taking care of draft and saddle animals, cooking and preparing food, pitching tents, packing up, digging entrenchments, felling and removing trees, and much other hard and disagreeable labor which soldiers have to perform. They would also be valuable as scouts and spies to ascertain the whereabouts and movements of the enemy. Their services would be almost indispensable in collecting the cotton which it is proposed to confiscate. They would know exactly where to find it, and understand to perfection the art of handling cotton bales. These "contrabands" would be willing workers. The lash would not be needed to stimulate them to the performance of the task assigned them. They would take hold, and work for Uncle Sam with a willingness they never felt in toiling for their rebel claimants. What disposition the government may make of the confiscated slaves, after the war is over and the insurrection put down, is for the future to determine. One thing is sure: they will not be returned to the possession of their traitor task-masters. Slave property in slave States that are at war with the Union for the subversion of the government can have no special sanctity; and a loyal slave is entitled to infinitely more respect and consideration at the hands of government than his rebel master.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHAT CAN AND OUGHT TO BE DONE.

It is in the power of the National Executive—a constitutional and just prerogative of his office as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy—to so use those powers, that when this conflict is ended, a great and glorious result shall have been achieved—a result worthy of all the sacrifices we may be called upon to make in order to accomplish it, and more important to influences upon the future of our nation than any, not even excepting the glorious Revolution, upon our past career or present condition.

Let the President declare that the principles of the immortal Declaration of Independence shall be carried out in practice throughout the United States—that the blessings of liberty shall be recognized as the birthright of every human being within our limits. Set free by a dash of his pen, four millions of helpless beings, guilty of no crime, yet held in a state of bondage infinitely more barbarous than the treatment of a convicted felon, and at once and forever a jubilant nation, relieved from the shame and disgrace of slavery, and freed from its baneful pressure, will reap from the bloody field of war a harvest of prosperity and peace, while a renewed and regenerated Union of free States will take the place of the present anomalous and hostile aggregation of quarrelsome neighbors, who, afflicted with a loathsome disease, are continually bickering as to the cause of their troubles, without taking the least pains to thoroughly eradicate it.—*Sandwich Advocate.*

WHY WAS JOHN BROWN HUNG?

We have looked over the trial again, and we find that John Brown was hung because he was in arms against the United States, because the courts and the government pronounced him a traitor.

The whole North was denounced for the act of Brown and his squad of twenty men. The Senate investigated it. Prominent Republicans from Massachusetts to Kansas were hauled up before the patriot, Senator Mason, and an attempt was made to implicate them in the treason. Men of decided anti-slavery principles were publicly mobbed, and privately jeered at, as aiders and abettors of treason. These things happened a short time ago. The government called out its soldiers to capture John Brown; they guarded the Court House during the trial; they protected the execution field on the day of the hanging. For what was John Brown hung? For treason.

Gen. McClellan has recently captured a thousand prisoners, ten of whom are officers. Government has ordered him to release them on their taking the oath. *Why was not John Brown allowed to take the oath?*

Suppose Massachusetts had seceded instead of South Carolina, and that Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips had been the leaders of the rebellion. Everybody knows that nothing would have been said about taking the oath in such a case. The captured abolitionists would have been hung instanter.

Moral. Fighting for slavery is justifiable; fighting for freedom is treason.—*Leavenworth Conservative.*

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1861.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

NEW YORK, July 21.

TO THE EDITOR:

J. P. B., one of your correspondents, has sent me your paper of July 19, and my attention is claimed by your editorial remarks upon the *right* of secession; and it is to this point we are really to look, after all, throwing aside entirely the fog and sophistry which Everett, Motley, Lincoln and others, in the shape of lamentations on the disruption of so great a Union, and consequent necessity of preserving it by force. We all admit the sad evils arising from the dismemberment of so flourishing and happy a country; but they are wide of the main question. I must premise, that forty-five years' absence from my native city of Boston have not abated my dislike of slavery; but I must say, also, that, during the whole of that period, I have seen no feasible proposal for the abolition of the institution, not bringing greater evils than its existence; while for its *amelioration* and *improvement*, the way was always open. Is it needful to tell you, who in all this period sustained the institution? What built the stupendous cotton factories? What yearly doubled the number of hats, shoes, carriages, and other products of industry? What has built up such an immense shipping interest? What has given such colossal fortunes to the Northern aristocracy? Has it not been this very institution of slavery? Has not the North really had the kernel, and the South the mere shell? If you agree with me, can you be at a loss to know the cause of war, (beyond, of course, that motive of spoils natural to *all* administrations)? Does it strike you that it is to keep slavery secure?—*to keep hold of the slave-chain ourselves*, and continue the enormous profits the North has made by its use? On the other hand, to keep out of the hands of foreign countries the control of the institution? Put together these two motives, the "spoils" of office and slavery, and see if you have not a sufficient motive for the war! Cannot you see that, if subdued at all, the South can only be subdued *under the Constitution*? which the Chicago Convention and the resolutions of the last Congress admitted to guarantee slavery. And is this a war you are in favor of—a war to retain slavery for the continued benefit of Northern aristocracy, and to this end shed oceans of blood, and incur debt and taxation beyond comprehension? No, indeed. Let the *Liberator*, as the organ of sincere abolitionists, advocate a peaceable separation of North and South. *That*, at all events, removes the sin from Northern shoulders, and is so far a gain. The continuance or abolition of slavery at the South we may safely leave to a Power that, in its own good time, will duly regard the oppressed every where. Now, then, as to the right of secession. The Constitution is *utterly silent on the subject*. That naked fact is an equal argument for or against it. Next comes outside evidence. Your article quotes the clause of formation—"by the *people* of the United *States*'—or, as you construe it, by one people, not many. Well, this is a strong argument, and the ground of many eminent opinions; but, is it altogether infallible? Let us see. First, in the very clause you have States recognized—"United *States*." Next, Art. V. of the Constitution provides that Congress may propose amendments, and if accepted by "the *Legislatures* of three-fourths of the several *States*," they become valid. Again. On the termination of the Revolution, all the independent colonies became sovereign States. As such, they *retained* all sovereign power not *specifically conceded* to the Federal government. The right of secession is *not specifically conceded*. Was it, then, retained? On this point, is the opinion, or, rather, inference, any stronger on one side than the other? Lastly. The Constitution was adopted, not by an universal vote of *all the people*, in one day, as in the Presidential election, but by *States*, as such, some more than a year after others. What, then, is the result? Comparing evidence, you have, perhaps, made the right of secession a point of doubt—a mere matter of *inference* either way. And on such a slight basis, we commence coercion and civil war, when, in ordinary criminal jurisprudence, we are directed to give the criminal the benefit of a doubt.

Again, it is said in the Declaration, that "all just government is only by consent of the governed." What was this intended to mean? Something, or nothing? If it applied to thirteen colonies, why not to as many States? The provocation to carry it out has nothing to do with the principle; the "*causa injuriæ*" must rest with the asserters. It is for the seceders to decide, as did the colonies, how much they were oppressed: but all this does not affect the *right* of secession. Massachusetts, in 1814, and again on the admission of Texas, saw nothing in the Constitution against the right of secession. That instrument is the same now. But, be the right what it may, if you want to preserve slavery in the Union, go for war—that is its object; if to be rid of it, go for peaceful separation, and your motto—"No Union with Slaveholders." J. W.

REMARKS. 1. Our correspondent says he has not yet seen any feasible proposal for the abolition of slavery, "not bringing greater evils than its existence." This indicates that, with him, liberty is not a principle—is not the natural condition of man—is not to be trusted in practice; and, therefore, that there is much room for the cultivation of his moral nature. To say that it is a less evil to wrest from a defenceless man all his rights than to restore them when cloven down; less an evil to abolish the marriage institution than to establish and sanctify it; less an evil to drive the laborer to unrequited toil, under the driver's lash, than to pay him honestly for his work, under the spur of hope of reward; less an evil to forbid instruction, and the development of the faculties, than to enlighten the mind and educate the intellect; less an evil to continue a system which requires, for its successful administration, patrols and bloodhounds, yokes and fetters, bloody edicts, and horrible barbarities, than to substitute a free condition of society which abolishes all these abominations; less an evil to continue to buy and sell men, women and children, as though they were cattle or swine, "in lots to suit purchasers," than to hallow the relation of father and mother, husband and wife, parent and child—(for this is our plan, and God's plan, for the abolition of slavery, and a perfectly "feasible" one)—is to evince great blindness of vision and utter moral confusion of mind. If "J. W." desires to know what would be the consequences of immediate emancipation, in the spirit of genuine repentance, and hearty compliance with the will of God, let him "read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest" the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah. Or, "remembering those in bonds as bound with them," and making their case his own, let him decide how soon the yoke should be broken, and what would be the results of such an act.

2. "J. W." attributes the great prosperity of the North "to this very institution of slavery"! And he coolly asks, "Has not the North really had the kernel, and the South the mere shell?" We answer, that it evinces not only interior demoralization of spirit, but gross ignorance of the laws of political economy, to argue that a system which is "the sum of all villanies,"—covering a large portion of territory, turning the most fertile soil into barrenness, making labor disreputable and beastly, destroying all motives for energy, accumulation, enterprise and thrift, and making the South "full of the habitations of cruelty,"—can, in itself, either be prosperous to those who maintain it, or the source of prosperity to any other part of the country. Slavery is a curse, and not a blessing—a terrible curse universally, whether regarded in a pecuniary, social, physical, moral, or political view, and nothing but evil flows from it continually. It has cost the North a vast deal more than it has ever produced, and been a powerful check upon its prosperity and wealth; for if free labor had, from the beginning, been substituted for slave labor, the whole country would now be thousands of millions of dollars richer than it is, and possess a much larger population, in a very different stage of development. Slavery is not, and never has been, a self-sustaining institution; it has never been able to "make both ends meet"; it "lays up nothing for a rainy day"; it does not meet its liabilities; its tendency is to irretrievable bankruptcy. It is time to stop this cant about the "immense" indebtedness of the North to the South. The simple fact is, that the South grows a valuable raw material, requiring neither skill nor educated intelligence in its cultivation, which the free North, by her mechanical ingenuity, and manufacturing and commercial enterprise, is enabled to convert into various fabrics of use and value, finding a market in all parts of the world. By what rule of arithmetic, or by what mode of reasoning, the lazy, shiftless, slave-driving South is to be credited for what the North has legitimately done through her own energies, under the inspiration of freedom, we have not the wit to perceive. "Credit to whom credit is due"—but what claim has Slavery to any of the achievements of Freedom?

3. The imputation thrown upon the administration, that its object, by the present war, is "to keep slavery secure, in order to continue the enormous profits (!) the North has made by its use," is too ridiculous to need refutation. It is because the traitorous slave-breeding Secessionists believe, or at least affect to believe, that slavery can have little or no security in the new order of things, that they have withdrawn from the Union, and organized their Southern Confederacy, and commenced a war for the seizure of the National Capital, and the subjugation of the entire North. Are their instincts not as quick and sure as those of our correspondent in this matter?

4. "J. W." thinks that "the continuance or abolition of slavery at the South we may safely leave to a Power that, in its own good time, will duly regard the oppressed every where." This is an easy method of shuffling off duties and responsibilities which that same Power has imposed upon us all, to "execute judgment, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor," and to "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness"; but it will produce nothing but fiery retribution. "Let him that stole steal no more"—"Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free"—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—these are God's methods of putting an end to slavery, at once and forever.

5. As for the right of secession, we deem it unnecessary for us to re-open that question in our columns. Admitting the revolutionary doctrine laid down in the Declaration of Independence to be true, as against intolerable and long continued oppression and usurpation, we deny that the Secessionists find in it any warrant or justification for their perfidious and piratical conduct; and as the controversy is with them, and their enormous robberies and astounding crimes, we protest making it a matter of abstract reasoning, and not of special application. They have suffered no wrong or injustice at the hand of the general government, but, on the contrary, have always controlled it, until now, to the furtherance of their own slaveholding interests and purposes; and now they resort to every devilish machination to overthrow it. The U. S. Constitution is "the supreme law of the land, any thing in any State Constitution or law to the contrary, notwithstanding"; and that determines its supremacy and its universality alike.

6. To the plea, that "it is for the seceders to decide, as did the Colonies, how much they were oppressed; but all this does not affect the right of secession"—we reply, that it is equally the right of all others to decide the same question; and if the outcry of governmental oppression be a lying pretence for a wicked purpose,—as it surely is in the present instance,—then "the right of secession" is fundamentally affected by it, and cannot exist in reason.

7. How is it that "J. W." has nothing but sneers and censures for the North, and apologies and excuses for the South? His letter, dated at New York, would seem to be better suited to the meridian of Charleston, South Carolina.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE UPRISING OF A GREAT PEOPLE. THE UNITED STATES IN 1861. From the French of Count Agénor de Gasparin: by Mary L. Booth. New York: C. Scribner, 1861."—pp. 263.

This book, written in France, early in the present year, and last month published (in translation) in this country, takes a cheerful and hopeful view of the present crisis in American affairs. The author rejoices in the substitution of contest for compromise, entertaining a confident expectation that the existing war has made a beginning of the end of slavery in this country. Not that he expects an immediate or a simultaneous termination of it; the country is too large, and the controlling influences too various, to permit this extent of good fortune; but he anticipates an impairing of the Slave Power in various directions, as a result of its desperate attempt to rule or ruin the country, and a steady continuance of this process, until State after State finds itself compelled to abandon, first the rebellion, and then the cause of it. He considers the election of Mr. Lincoln the beginning of a series of triumphs, the completion of which is only a question of time.

Count Gasparin's view of the relation of the churches and ecclesiastical bodies to anti-slavery reform is far more favorable to those bodies than facts will warrant. He has been led to believe that the Congregational and Methodist sects have been active opponents of slavery; that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions discharged their Choctaw missionaries because the latter would not oppose slavery; that the other "religious societies" (with the single exception of the American Tract Society) take a right position upon this subject; and that the great "American awakening"—which he assumes to be materially different from the "revivals" of previous years—contributed actively to increase the hostility of the North to slavery. We cannot blame him for making such mistakes, for all these things have been asserted in "religious" newspapers which he thought trustworthy; and many people in this country have fallen, through the same means, into the same errors.

In a chapter called "The Present Crisis," the author sketches the steps that have led to our existing position, predicts that neither cotton nor free trade will obtain European support for the rebel slaveholders, and shows that even in the (improbable) event of an ultimate separation of the extreme South, the border slave States will surely recognize the fact that every consideration of honor and welfare tends to identify them with the North rather than with the South.

The "Coëxistence of the two Races after Emancipation" is next considered, and the author strongly maintains both the possibility and the desirableness of a peaceful continuance of black and white in the same community, with the enjoyment of the same rights, and under equal protection by the same laws. He assumes that DeTocqueville's differing judgment was too hastily formed, under the influence of the then recent catastrophe of St. Domingo. And he adduces abundant evidence from the later history of the British West Indies, that the prejudices, formerly deemed ineradicable, *have* been in great part overcome, and that prosperity, with immense intellectual and moral improvement, has followed in the footsteps of freedom. He anticipates a similar result in the United States, and speaks with just severity of the proscription of colored people in some of the States calling themselves free. If Count Gasparin knew how universally the Northern churches still join in separating the colored people into a caste more or less pointedly degraded, he would see more clearly the corrupt state of the popular religion.

Several erroneous statements in this book in regard to the Abolitionists seem to show that its author has judged of them by second-hand information, instead of acquainting himself with the action, the speeches and the writings of their chief representatives. He, however, recognizes the great distinction between them and the Republican party, understanding that the latter is pledged to resist only the *extension* of slavery, while the former oppose its very existence.

The tone of the book is so strongly against a compromise between liberty and slavery, its condemnation of oppression is so energetic and thorough, that one cannot help feeling surprise as well as pain at a single exceptional expression, on page 167 of the translation. It says—

"Upon the ruling question, that of the Territories, the theory of the North evinces justice and clearness; between the ultra Abolitionists, who wish Congress to interfere to close by force all the Territories to slavery, and the South, which wishes Congress to interfere to open by force all the Territories to slavery, it adopts this middle position; all the inhabitants of the Territories shall open or close them to slavery, according to their will. It is the right of the majority, recognized there as elsewhere."

To say nothing of any other error in this paragraph, a moment's reflection would have shown the writer that the right of the majority does not include the right to enslave; and that it by no means "evinces justice" to allow our white neighbor to trample, with impunity, upon the rights of our black neighbor. Surely, such a course would be just neither to the slaves first subjugated by it, nor to the free laborers whose labor thus comes to be stigmatized as degrading, nor to the black women who would be by that act degraded to the position of concubines or breeding cattle, nor to the white women whose husbands, brothers, lovers and sons would yield to the opportunities of licentious indulgence created by slavery.

At the close of the chapter called "The Churches and Slavery," the author administers a hearty rebuke to those who withhold their labors from the cause of the slave on the pretext, true or false, that there are sceptics, rationalists, free-thinkers in the ranks of Abolitionism. He declares that the orthodoxy which draws such conclusions and adopts such a course appears suspicious to him; and he intimates that the scepticism in question may have been caused by the unfaithfulness and ill conduct of the people who most conspicuously claim to be called Christians.—C. K. W.

THE TIME FOR ACTION.

MR. EDITOR—Has the time come for Abolitionists to lay aside their armor, or relax their efforts? On the contrary, ought they not now, more than ever, to be up and doing? These are questions that weigh upon the minds of some who are anxious not to be caught napping, and at a time when they should be most awake.

Could it be made certain that this is the beginning of the end of slavery, this should not satisfy us. We should know *how* it is to end—whether by the uprising of the slaves, and the sacrifices they must make while asserting and maintaining their freedom,—by the consent of their masters, made necessary by the exigencies of their case, and for the purpose of using them to fight the battles of the South,—by the execution of the diabolical threats of some, in case of Northern interference; or by a decree of our government, as the surest, if not the only way to suppress the rebellion, remove its cause, and prevent future outbreaks. This latter is the only way to be desired, and to this our efforts, and those of every patriot and philanthropist, should be directed now. We have been so long accustomed to our old mode of tactics, it seems difficult to change, and adapt it to the change of circumstances we ourselves have created. We have precipitated the present crisis; let us not underrate our ability to affect public sentiment in such a way that the government will be compelled to take this course.

It is well that the people have been made familiar with the thought, that there may be such a thing as "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," as it will be easier to impress upon them the truth that such a thing actually exists, and that they are parties to it; and if not from high moral considerations, then from motives of expediency, they may be induced to demand that it shall no longer stand. While the Secessionists are trampling under foot the entire Constitution, our government can only be playing fast and loose, acting with no high and honorable purpose, and can arrive at no satisfactory results, till that portion of it made expressly for the benefit of the rebels is repealed. If the people demand this, the government will act accordingly. Nine-tenths of the people, if not the government itself, are ready for it. Why should we not give the people an opportunity, and ask them to speak? A hundred conventions, held between this and the first of December, and for this specific purpose, and in which a host of such veterans as J. R. Giddings, Gerrit Smith, Beriah Green, and many prominent politicians and clergymen who have never been identified with the anti-slavery movement, would gladly cooperate, may be what is needed, and what Congress and the government may wish. If this is taking too favorable a view of the government, let us make it possible for a Cromwell to arise, and obtain a name greater and more enduring than that of any English leader. J. C.

In the U. S. House of Representatives, on Monday last, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, asked leave to introduce the following resolution:—

Resolved, That there be appointed a committee of one member from each State, who shall report to the House at the next session such amendments to the Constitution as shall assuage all grievances and bring about a reconstruction of the National Union, and that for the preparation of such satisfactory adjustment, and the conference requisite for that end, a commission of seven citizens be appointed, consisting of Edward Everett, Millard Fillmore, Reverdy Johnson, Martin Van Buren, Thomas Ewing, Franklin Pierce and James Guthrie, who shall request from the so-called Confederate States the appointment of a similar commission, who shall meet and confer on the subject in the city of Louisville on the first Monday in September, and that said committee report their action to the next session as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, to be proposed by Congress to the States for their ratification.

Mr. Washburne of Illinois objected to the introduction of the resolution.

Mr. Cox moved a suspension of the rules.

Disagreed to; 42 against 85.

The author of such a proposition is certainly demented, and a commission of lunacy should be taken out in his case forthwith.

A bill, confiscating the property of the Southern rebels, has been passed by Congress—the last section being as follows:—

"SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That whenever any person claiming to be entitled to the service or labor of any other person, under the laws of any State, shall employ such person in aiding or promoting any insurrection, or in resisting the laws of the United States, or shall permit him to be so employed, he shall forfeit all right to such service or labor, and the person whose labor or service is thus claimed shall be thenceforth discharged therefrom, any law to the contrary notwithstanding."

☞ Look at the articles from the Boston *Pilot* and Boston *Post*, in our "Refuge of Oppression" this week, and see how plainly sedition against the government oozes out in every sentence!

THE PROPOSED TAX.

A direct tax and special duties are intended to be levied by Congress on property, real and personal, on distilled liquors, distilling apparatus, vehicles and slaves. Why specified articles are selected, in addition to chattels generally, is not so clear. The measure partakes of the arbitrary, in a conspicuous sense. It can hardly be expected that the seceded States will contribute much to either branch, and especially for their slaves. Now, Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky and Delaware, as well as Western Virginia, all yet belonging to the Union, contain many slaves; and it seems of somewhat doubtful expediency to levy a tax on their negroes, thus making an invidious distinction between them and their more disloyal brethren of the South, who will virtually nullify the tax so far as they are concerned, by repudiating it, and demonstrating to the loyal citizens their price of loyalty imposed by a friendly government. Such course will naturally tend to excite their opposition, and afford the seceders a powerful argument of aggravation, to induce them also to secede. It will make trouble, and is not judicious in their critical condition. Why sting them to exasperation? Again, it is the Republican party which is in power. An act of this kind at once not only admits, but alleges slaves to be property, subject even to taxation. It regards them as chattels. If so, the free-soil doctrine of prohibition to slavery in the territories is a mockery; for, certainly, if the slave be a chattel, an article of property, and the South has a common right to the Territories, it has an undoubted right to convey slaves thither as its acknowledged property. Denial of this right is thus a gross wrong; and the present contention, based as it evidently is on the asserted and denied claim to introduce slavery in the Territories, is an unjust and self-condemnatory war, on the Republican part. This inclines to indicate what the probable result of the struggle will be. Indeed, it is an incipient compromise held out to the South, ready to be completed on the first opportune occasion. It says to that section, whatever we may profess, we actually agree with you in your fundamental and vital doctrine; why fight any longer? Carry slavery where you wish. Let us look at the tax. Our estimated annual expense is four hundred millions. This bill proposes to assess upon the nation an annual tax of thirty millions. To do this, it provides for the districting of the country, for the appointment of assessors, collectors and clerks, at three, four, and five dollars a day, with mileage in the bargain. This apparatus will cost from five to ten millions to collect thirty. That will reduce the sum collected to twenty or twenty-five millions net. Simple interest on the debt amounts to twenty-four millions; and the cost of raising the debt at first is not small, in the way of certificates, &c., engraved in very expensive style. Now, how much of the principal will be cancelled by a tax, if the net receipts therefrom are scarcely equal to the simple interest on the same, perhaps less? Again, if the war continue, another four hundred millions will soon be needed; and what then? As it progresses, the tariff becomes more powerless; for commerce and trade diminish, importations are less, people quit tea, coffee and sugar from necessity, officeholders *in duplicate* clamor for their salaries, and where are we then? Try a third year, and are we impoverished, or not? Whence collect these series of millions from a disabled people? Indeed, will the people suffer such policy to continue long, before they interpose to arrest its headlong career? Certainly not. They will perceive nothing but a stagnating debt daily accumulating, and no means of earning the wherewith to pay it, or to procure food and clothing. Such are the paraphernalia of war; and if it has no other object than to conquer a compromise, as above intimated, why not ground arms now, and disperse for home, without farther sacrifice, expense, trouble and bloodshed? Let the compromise be effected, and save the Union here, rather than invite foreign nations to come and wrest away from an exhausted people their national heritage.

The Constitution provides that direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to the population, that Congress shall have power to levy and collect taxes, to pay national debts; but, not a word enforcing any particular course. Circumstances suggest the ways and means. Our present circumstances dictate rigid economy. Extravagance is akin to treason. Money is needed: it must come, so long as it can come. When the ability ceases, bankruptcy supervenes. If we ask the question, How long it will take to pay a debt of $400 at the rate of $30 a year, when the interest is $24 annually, we shall see at a glance that it will take over sixty-six years; or, if we allow for its gradual diminution of $6 every year, it will not take much less. Apply this rule to the $400,000,000 annually, for any series of years, and the gain on us becomes more and more formidable. Now, if we cripple this $30 payment by the proposed costs of collection, it will take four, five or more centuries to abolish the debt of one year alone. Years will dwindle to comparative minutes and seconds in the calculation. And yet, such is the course proposed by this bill. It is far from economy. It may be a fine sop for the disappointed office-seekers, who so multitudinously thronged the public purse as it passed into Republican hands. The people generally must pay the assessments, all parties must join; but, the sop will be monopolized by one party, while all unite to sustain the Union. The masses can very appropriately cry out to these assessors and their retinue, as the frogs in the fable cried to the boys, "It may be sport to you; it is death to us."

To avoid this extravagant per centage for collection seems very easy. Let Congress assess each State its proportion; and let each State be responsible for that sum. It can be readily collected, with little or no expense. Every town and city has its collector and treasurer. A State tax is no new thing under the sun; nor is a county tax. Both these are apportioned among the several towns and cities, and are assessed by the respective assessors therein. These know the value of property, and have State valutions and the census to aid them. The same people are to be taxed, and are to pay into their several treasuries. The sum doomed to Massachusetts is about $1,237,000. Our State valuation is about $898,000,000. That makes about $1.38 on $1000. An additional item on our tax-bills to this effect is all that is needed. There is no necessity of creating another horde of officers and offices, with their concomitant expenses, their mileage, blanks, "paper and twine," and letting these fleece the public purse, now so gaunt and flimsy. Massachusetts can send her militia, and she can send her sum of money. She can pass around her own contribution-box, and transmit its contents in the aggregate to Washington. So with other States. Our town assessors, collectors and treasurers are amply adequate to perform this duty, as they are to collect any other State tax. If it be requisite that specie be paid, let it be so understood; and it can be as readily forthcoming to our officers as to a bevy of national ones, a swarm of excise-men.

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RETURN OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.

ROCKLAND, (Me.) July 16, 1861.

DEAR GARRISON: Mr. Lovejoy has introduced into Congress this resolution:—

"That it is no part of the duty of soldiers of the United States to capture or return fugitive slaves."

On this, the New York *Herald*, of July 13th, thus comments:—

"A speedy return to the Union, or the abolition of slavery, is the issue now presented to Jeff. Davis and his confederates. Impressed with the conviction that the war has already reached a point that threatens the most serious consequences to the institution of slavery, *we would earnestly admonish the revolted States that their only hope of safety depends upon their immediate submission to the Union.*

This is the time for a decisive movement in favor of peace, while yet our abolition agitators, and the whole abolition movement of the North, are held in subjection to the one great cause of the Union: subdued and silenced as they are, the only hope of our abolition fanatics now is, that this war will go on until drowned in the fiery furnace, and be consumed; and their only fear is, that *slavery will yet be saved by a timely treaty of peace.* Accordingly, before the South has suffered the humiliation of a disgraceful defeat, and while they may yet command the powerful intervention in their behalf of the Union conservatives of the North, we would urge upon Jefferson Davis and his confederates the saving alternative of submission to the Union. Let them lay down their arms, and trust to the magnanimity of the North, and let them send up their representatives again to Congress, and *they will be able, at once and for the future, to* CONTROL THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT IN BEHALF OF THE PERFECT SECURITY, PROSPERITY AND PERPETUITY OF SOUTHERN SLAVERY."

"THE MAGNANIMITY OF THE NORTH!" Should the slaveholding rebels lay down their arms to-morrow, unconditionally, would the people of the North consent to mount guard over slavery, and to bind and hold four millions of men and women in chains, while these murderers and pirates (for such the United States now declares the rebels) scourge and work, torture and dehumanize them? It is become, or is fast becoming, the settled conviction of the entire Northern mind, that civil war is thrust upon the North by the South solely "in behalf of the perfect security, prosperity and perpetuity of slavery and the slave-trade." All in the North and South know that, as Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy of man-stealers, declares, "*Slavery and the slave-trade* is the one idea that underlies the Secession movement"—that this stone, rejected (as Stephens says) by the founders of the United States government, is made the corner-stone of the new Confederacy. To consent to "the perfect security, prosperity and perpetuity of slavery" is all the South ever asked of the North. To compel the North thus to give perfect security to slavery, the kidnapping South has forced us to send to the field of blood 400,000 of our sons, brothers, husbands and fathers, at an expense of $400,000,000. After this enormous outlay of blood and money to resist the man-stealing tyrants, will the Northern people consent to their demands, on condition that they lay down their arms? Only to take them up again when they shall deem other securities to kidnapping necessary!

The *Herald* is mistaken. The dominion of slavery over the North is at an end. It can never regain the power which it had six months ago. This city (Rockland) of 8000 inhabitants, where, I am told, not an Abolitionist could be found one year ago, is now all but unanimous for prosecuting the war till slavery, the cause of all our troubles, is wiped out. The conviction is settling upon all minds, that no settlement of the conflict can ever be reached but by the immediate, or prospective and total abolition of slavery. Whatever comes, the United States Government will never be controlled in behalf of slavery as it has been. It will never be made the watch-dog and blood-hound of slaveholders as it has been. To this the people of the North have been led, (1,) by the battle of Ideas waged by Abolitionists for thirty years; and, (2,) by the battle of bullets and bayonets now forced upon them by the South. The Northern backs will not bend further to the lash and yoke of the kidnappers.

Why should the North try further to deceive the South? The lying promises of the North of help to the South, in case they should dissolve the Union, induced the slaveholders to begin this bloody war. The slaveholders never had inaugurated this war of bullets, only with the expectation of the co-operation of the *Herald* and other papers, and the pro-slavery party of the North. Too late they learn how their friends at the North lied to them. Now these false friends would induce the pirates to lay down their arms by a promise of "perfect security, prosperity and perpetuity to slavery."

So certainly as the South submit with the expectation that man-stealing will be made more secure, prosperous and perpetual, by the magnanimity of the North, so certainly are they doomed to disappointment Let the South and the North rest assured, that if the war of bullets ends without the abolition of slavery, the WAR OF IDEAS will instantly be renewed, and prosecuted with a purpose more fixed, a courage more indomitable, and an energy more resistless than ever. They will find that the "Abolition fanatics and agitators" are not dead, nor asleep, but only resting on their arms, awaiting the issue of the battle of bullets. If the rifled cannon of this battle can decide the conflict in favor of liberty to all, without regard to class, clime or condition, the Abolition fanatics will be content. If not, they will again gird on their God-appointed, heaven-tempered and irresistible armor, and renew the battle of Ideas against slavery, and never rest till the enslaver and the enslaved, the kidnapper and kidnapped, shall rejoice in the self-evident truth that "all men are created equal, and endowed with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Yours, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

FREEDOM FOR ALL!

WORCESTER, July 22, 1861.

DEAR GARRISON,—The following sentiments were uttered at the close of a discourse in Trinity Congregational Church, Fitchburg, yesterday afternoon. Perhaps you will deem them to have an appropriate significancy, which will make them of general interest in the perilous passing hour.

"The panic which is reported here, to-day, as having seized the Federal forces in Virginia, is no extraordinary thing in the annals of war. Jehovah often made use of panics for the discomfiture of the foes of Israel. Sometimes, also, for the defeat of the Israelites themselves, when they had sinned against God, and He had risen to judge them, as the same God has now plainly risen to judge slavery at the South, and us at the North, for our past guilty complicity with it. We shall, without doubt, experience yet other reverses in this war, until we have repented of our slaveholding, and have done the work meet for repentance, in the national proclamation of liberty—until, in other words, in compliance with the military necessity which is now plainly upon us, we call upon the loyal free colored men of the North to aid in quelling the pro-slavery rebellion, and until also we declare to the slaves of the South, YOU ARE HEREAFTER FREE."

But to the closing paragraphs of the discourse referred to:—

"We learn that the providential duty of the hour plainly is, to unite in executing the purpose of God. If we believe the Divine purpose in this war to be the overthrow of slavery, then our duty is to CO-OPERATE IN THE FULFILLMENT OF THAT PURPOSE; and it is a great mistake in Christian philosophy and conduct, when we come to a conclusion in regard to what is soon to be, either from the providential course of events, or from any other way of forecasting the future,—it is a mistake for us to stand still to see the salvation of God, indisposed or afraid to act, lest we precipitate the result. And yet, is not this just the position of many of the ministers and people of God now, by reason of which the war dallies, reverses are experienced, and ripening of events is retarded, and there seems to be wanting strength to deliver the near births of Providence?

Let none of us be afraid actively to co-operate with our blessed Lord and Master, the rightful governor of this world, in what we believe to be the designs of Providence with regard to slavery. Let us not be found counselling or observing silence and inaction in regard to it, at the very time when we profess to believe that God is about to overthrow it. As if masterly inactivity, in reference to the relics of barbarism left in our world, were the true policy for ministers and churches, rather than bold aggression; as if we had no holy enthusiasm to be the active executors of the Divine purposes; as if there were no such passages in Paul, Isaiah, and Moses, that read, "We, then, *as workers together with God*, beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain"—and "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord"—and "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

Our manifest duty is now to co-operate with God for

the overthrow of slavery, by calling upon the Government, in the name of Humanity, of Justice, and of Religion, to decree the national extinction of slavery, by proclaiming LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF! Let us hold this up to the Government, to the nation, and to the brave army that has sprung to arms more wonderously than the fabulous uprising of armed men of old from the sowing of dragons' teeth:—You are the army of Freedom: you are to conquer a permanent peace only by the overthrow of slavery. That liberty may stand, you must put oppression down. Your providential mission is to put an end to slavery. God, the Age, the Nineteenth Century, the instincts of all Christendom, Christianity itself, will not let us conquer, and keep slavery. When we have paid the utmost farthing for our past complicity with the great crime of slaveholding, when we have filled up the measure of suffering through slavery, then will the eyes, now holden, be opened. And when we act upon the principle, that liberty for the white man is liberty for the black man, and that one broad banner of Freedom must float over every American, be he swarthy or fair, then, but not till then, will victory perch upon our starry standard, and America will be a country indeed! Speed it, O Father! let thy kingdom come!

H. T. C.

LECTURES BY MR. FOSS.

HARWICH, July 26, 1861.

MR. GARRISON:

DEAR FRIEND,—It is cheering to perceive that the agents of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society are again actively engaged in their field of labor. The series of lectures which has been given by Mr. A. T. Foss in this vicinity within the last few weeks, has been well attended and highly appreciated. Last Sunday, he spoke three times in this place, very acceptably, to large and intelligent audiences; through the day, at Union Hall, and in the evening at the Orthodox church, of which Mr. Munsell, who has the reputation of being an outspoken anti-slavery advocate, is officiating clergyman. He was listened to with profound interest and attention, especially in the evening, when his discourse, pertinent to the times, and replete with forcible illustrations, was not only characteristically logical, clear and concise, but eminently impressive—reaching the heart as well as convincing the understanding.

Surely, the present is not the time to dispense with our laborers, or slacken anti-slavery exertion. If unremitting appeals to the head and heart of the nation have been demanded to arouse it to a sense of its perilous condition, perhaps a still greater effort is needed, in this transition state of our country, to help turn the current of excitement into right channels,—to influence and modify, as much as may be, the new order of things which must be eliminated from the seething cauldron of agitation into which the nation has been plunged. At this great trial-hour, this terrible crisis in our national history, this day of judgment, when

> "The hand breadth cloud the sages feared
> Its bloody rain is dropping;
> The poison plant the fathers spared
> All else is overtopping,"

it becomes Abolitionists to manifest a willingness cheerfully and manfully to bear, by suffering and sacrifice, in connection with their fellow-countrymen, "the pangs of transformation."

If those who have means suffer this glorious cause to flag for want of pecuniary support, they prove themselves less worthy of the respect and gratitude of mankind and of all future generations than the humblest volunteer soldier on the battle-field, who valiantly pours out his life-blood as a libation to freedom—proving by that crowning act with what a god-like nature man is endowed, and how capable he is of a noble disinterestedness of purpose. It is confidently hoped that means will be generously proffered to enable the Massachusetts Society vigorously to prosecute its work, which at this juncture seems to be to quicken and deepen the growing conviction in the public mind, that Peace can never again dwell within our borders, till every fibre of the poison root of slavery is utterly exterminated.

Z.

A CALL FOR VIGILANCE.

TO THE EDITOR:

I am aware that there are vigilant and clear-sighted watchmen at central positions, watching the signs of the times, and ready to sound an alarm, and it may be deemed impertinent in me to make any suggestion. But it seems to me that this is the most important crisis of the anti-slavery enterprise; that there is great danger that we shall rely too much on the operations of the government and the war, and, like the churches, throw the whole responsibility upon Providence. I suppose it is no part of the object of the administration, from Mr. Lincoln down through the Cabinet, Gen. Scott and all the other Generals, to do any thing to disturb slavery. They are all devout worshippers of the great idol, the Constitution; they wish to conciliate the border States, and the Union men in the seceded States. There is a favorable side to the fact, that such pro-slavery hunkers as Everett, Cushing, Butler, and Drs. Adams, Blagden and Spring are contending for the Union, and of course against the *Slave Power*, if not against slavery itself; and yet it adds greatly to the danger that nothing will be done towards abolition. The action in the Senate, July 18th, on Sherman's and Lane's amendments to the bill for organizing the army; also, McClellan's proclamation and Butler's offer to suppress servile insurrections, and the illegal return of fugitives even by a Massachusetts colonel, all show the tendency of things.

The cry of "No compromise!" is deceptive. It does not mean to repudiate the compromises of the Constitution. If Virginia would return to her allegiance to-day, Gen. Butler's 600 contrabands would be restored, and if any were lost, they would be paid for. Recent events show that the war will be sharp, and probably long, unless cut short by the abolition of its cause.

I think that there is in the minds of many of the people a vague and indefinite idea or hope that, in some way, slavery is to be overturned in this war, and it seems to me that our lecturers should be in the field to arouse the people, so that they shall demand of the government that the cause be removed; that, as a matter of sound policy, of wise statesmanship, as well as of moral right and of a Christian trust in Providence, the slaves should be immediately set free, and, if need be, called upon to aid the government, not as contraband articles, but as men, subject to, to be protected by, and bound to aid the government.

BENJ. CHASE.

Auburn, N. H.

FLORAL MEMENTO. Permit me to call attention to the artistic manner in which Mrs. Knox preserves funeral and bridal flowers, accompanied with poetic tributes, framed plain or elaborate, at choice.

A visit to her room, 59 Anderson street, (near Pinckney street,) will well repay those who may be skeptical as to the degree of perfection this department of the fine arts has attained.

N.

☞ The following colored pupils received diplomas at the recent examination of the public schools in Boston:—

Bowdoin School.—Emma Jackson, Eleanor Steath.

Wells School.—Anna Amenda Williams.

Winthrop School.—Cordelia and Rebecca Downing.

Boston, July 27, 1861.

N.

☞ Sketches of Shields Green, John A. Copeland and Lewis S. Leary (John Brown Harper's Ferry men,) have been compiled by Wm. C. Nell, and recently published in the *Pine and Palm*.

☞ The amiable editor of the Memphis *Avalanche* asserts that "Abe Lincoln is the bloodiest tyrant on record. Nero was a saint compared with him"!!—How very moderate and truthful!

RECAPTURED PRIZE BY A BLACK HERO.

The schooner *S. J. Waring*, of Brookhaven, which was captured by the Southern privateer *Jeff Davis*, about 150 miles from Sandy Hook, while on her way from New York to Montevideo, arrived at New York on Sunday afternoon, in charge of Wm. Tillman, her colored steward, who, with extraordinary daring and skill, had slaughtered the pirate captain and two of his mates with a hatchet, and then navigated the vessel, with the aid of his fellow-prisoners, back to New York. It appears that, on the third day out, (July 7th,) the schooner was brought to by the privateer *Jeff Davis*, which sent a boat full of men alongside, and ordered the captain of the schooner to haul down the United States flag, and declared her a prize. They took from her a quantity of provisions, and then put on board a prize crew of five men, taking away Capt. Francis Smith, the two mates, and two seamen, leaving the steward, two seamen, and Mr. Bryce Mackinnon, a passenger, on board. The prize crew were Montague Amiel, a Charleston pilot, in command, one named Stevens as mate, Malcolm Sydney as second mate, and three men. Capt. Smith and his men were put by the *Jeff Davis* on a homeward-bound vessel, soon after their capture, and sent North, arriving in Portland ten days ago. The prisoners brought to New York are named James Milnor, of South Carolina, and James Dorsey, of Point Pleasant, N. J., who appears to be an innocent sort of person.

Tillman, the hero of the tragedy, is a native of Delaware, aged 27 years, but was taken to Providence, R. I., when 14 years of age. He has been a seaman for the past ten years, in the employ of Jones, Smith & Co., of 227 Front Street, New York, who own the schooner. The following is a summary of his testimony before the United States District Attorney:—

The schooner *S. J. Waring* had started on a voyage to Buenos Ayres, in Montevideo, with an assorted cargo, which, with the vessel, was valued at $100,000. On the 7th of July, they fell in with the *Jeff Davis*, and a prize crew of five were put aboard, who were unarmed. To use the language of Tillman, they run 10 days, and didn't find Charleston; we were, however, only 50 miles south of Charleston, and 100 to the eastward. On the voyage, they treated me the best kind of way, and talked the best kind of talk.

One day, the first lieutenant of the pirates was sitting in the cabin, cross-legged, smoking, and he said to me, "When you go down to Savannah, I want you to go to my house, and I will take care of you." I thought, continued the negro, "Yes, you will take care of me, when you get me there." I raised my hat, and said: "Yes, Sir, thank you." But, afterwards, I said to Billy, (the German,) "I am not going to Charleston a live man: they may take me there dead." He had been told by the prize master that he would get rewarded in Charleston, for performing his duty so well in bringing the schooner in; he had also heard conversation not intended for his ears, in regard to the price he would probably bring; and he had heard the prize master say to one of his men: "You talk to that stewart, and keep him in good heart. He will never see the North again," said the prize master, with an oath.

Tillman conferred with two of the seamen about taking possession of the schooner, but they declined adopting any plan. Tillman thought the matter over for three days, and then made an appeal to the German, and said, "If you are a man to stick to your word, we can take this vessel easy." Then we made a plan that I should go to my berth, and when most of them were asleep, he was to give me some sign, or awake me. We tried this for two nights, but no good chance offered. But, last Tuesday night, we caught them asleep, and we went to work. The mate comes to my berth, and he touches me. He says, "Now is your time." I went into my room, and got my hatchet. The first man I struck was the captain. He was lying in a state-room on the starboard side; I aimed for his temple as near as I could, and hit him just below the ear with the edge of the hatchet. With that he made a very loud shriek. The passenger jumped up very much in a fright. I told him, "Do you be still; I shall not hurt a hair of your head." The passenger knew what I was up to; he never said a word more. I walked right across the cabin to the second mate's room, and I gave him one severe blow in the mole of the head,—that is, right across the middle of his head. I didn't stop to see whether he was dead or no, but I jumped on deck, and, as I did so, the mate, who had been sleeping on the companion-way, started from the noise he had heard in the cabin. Just as he rose upon his feet, I struck him on the back of the head. Then the German chap jumped over, and we "mittened" on to him, and flung him over the starboard quarter.

Marshal Murray.—What did you do then?

Tillman.—Then we went down straight into the cabin. The second mate was not quite dead. He was sitting, leaning against his berth. I "catched" him by the hair of the head with my left hand, and struck him with the hatchet I had in my right hand. I told this young German, "Well, let's get him overboard as soon as we can." So we hauled him over on to the cabin.

The Marshal.—Was he quite dead?

Tillman.—No; he was not quite dead, but he would not have lived long. We flung him over the starboard quarter. Then I told this German to go, and call that man Jim, the Southern chap (one of the pirates) here. He called him aft. Says I, "Jim, come down here in the cabin. Do you know that I have taken charge of this vessel to-night? I am going to put you in irons." "Well," says he, "I am willing." He gave right up. I kept him in irons till 8 o'clock the next morning. I then sent the German for him, and I said: "Smith, (the name Milnor went by on board,) I want you to join us, and help take this vessel back. But mind, the least crook or the least turn, and overboard you go with the rest." "Well," said he, "I will do the best I can." And he worked well all the way back. He couldn't do otherwise; it was pump or sink.

Marshal.—Did they beg, any of them?

Tillman.—They did n't have any chance to beg. It was all done in five minutes. In seven minutes and a half after I struck the first blow, the vessel was squared away before the wind, and all sail on. We were 50 miles south of Charleston, and 100 to the eastward.

Tillman said that, at first, he had thought of securing all the men, and bringing them all to New York alive, in irons; but he found this was impracticable. To use his own language, "There were too many for that; there were five of them, and only three of us." After this, I said, "Well, I will get back all I can alive, and the rest I will kill." Tilman says he went away as a steward, but came back as a captain.

Bryce Mackinnon, a passenger, and others on board, recount the same story.—*New York Tribune.*

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ON "CONTRABANDS."—A correspondent of the Abington *Standard* relates the following incident in the experience of the Seventh Regiment as it passed "through Baltimore:"—

"A fine looking colored man, about 22 years of age, liking the looks of the Massachusetts 7th as it passed, left his master, followed us to Washington, and into camp. His master came to the city, and tracing him to our camp, called upon Col. Couch to deliver him up. The Colonel told him if the slave was willing to go, and the men would give him up, he would submit. The slave consented to see his master, and went with him outside the guard. Here the master tried to arrest him, knowing he was outside our camp; but the slave started back upon the run, his master after him. The guard opened to the right and left, and let the slave pass, but as the owner came up, they charged bayonets. He raved and stormed, all to no purpose, and threatened if we ever came to Baltimore to remember us. The guard replied they should like to go to Baltimore, and clear up all the rebels, adding the regiment could do it in a few hours; and I believe they could, for a *more determined* company of men could not be found."

Something of an excitement was created in town on Saturday, through the arrest of a Missouri "contraband." A Cairoite by the name of Duvall arrested a Missouri fugitive near Mound City, with whom he started for Cairo. When near here, he was set upon by a couple of colored sympathizers, his gun taken from him and himself badly pounded, the three negroes then pushing off for the swamp. Duvall managed to get into town, where he now lies, as I am told, nearly dead. The alarm given, a party of citizens and soldiers started in pursuit of the fugitives. They were overtaken in the swamp near Mound City, and, showing fight, were fired upon; the arm of one was badly shattered, and another, it is thought, wounded. The contraband was captured and brought to the Cairo jail, where he now is, "subject to order." The others, however, escaped and made their way into Mound City, the authorities there refusing to give them up. What further followed then and there, or is to follow, "your deponent saith not."—*Cairo Corr. Chicago Tribune.*

☞ The delivery of fugitive slaves by army officers is being discussed, and a petition is in circulation in Lynn, addressed to Hon. J. B. Alley, asking the removal of Col. Cowdin for delivering a fugitive to his master. It would not seem to be the duty of our army officers to take any notice of slaves—to induce them to run away or to return them if they did run away, and in one case they are as deserving of praise or censure as in the other. If a slave runs away, any citizen of the United States has the legal means of his recovery. But his means are legal, not military—in the Constitution, and the laws made in accordance with the Constitution, and not in the sword or bayonet. He should seek his redress in the law and by the law. We have not sent troops to Virginia to steal negroes, or otherwise interfere with them, more than with other property, and God forbid that our troops should be turned into bloodhounds to scent the track of fugitives. They should have nothing to do with them, *pro* or *con*, more than with the trees, stone walls or houses.

SOUTHERN COMMENTS ON THE LATE BATTLE.

The comments of the Southern press and people upon the late fight near Manassas are just beginning to reach us. So far as received, they are of the most jubilant and extravagant character. The Augusta (Ga.) *Sentinel* remarks:—

"We have met the enemy in force, and they are ours! We have staked all upon Manassas, and won! Remember lion-hearted Bartow's words: "I go to illustrate Georgia." And nobly has he illustrated the Empire State,—her valor, her chivalry, her desperate daring. Though dead, he yet liveth. He fills a soldier's grave, but his memory is in the inheritance of a whole people. On to avenge him! Bartow's, Gartrell's, Goulding's and Anderson's regiments were, we suppose, the representatives of Georgia in the great fight. Heaven smiles on us, on our arms, and on our cause! Then onward! Follow the President, gallant Jeff Davis, who leads the centre. Now for Washington!"

The Memphis papers are absolutely frantic with joy over the first (not the great) battle of Bull's Run. The *Avalanche* says it hopes the sequel will be:

"The utter rout and destruction of the Federal army, and the capture of Washington, with Old Abe and his abolition crew included. Let the conflict rage until the last thieving, murdering abolitionist shall be expelled from the soil of Virginia."

The New Orleans *Crescent* says:

"The Battle annals of the American Continent furnish no parallel to the brilliant and splendid victory won by the Southern army on Sunday last over the hired mercenaries and minions of the Abolition despotism. With an inferior force, in point of numbers, we have driven back to their dens the boasting invaders of our soil, scattering them before the autumn wind. The details we publish in our telegraphic column leave no doubt that we have put the enemy to utter rout, and struck him a blow from which it is impossible for him wholly to recover.

We have driven the enemy back from our soil, we have mowed down his men by the hundreds and by the thousands, we have captured his batteries, and sent him howling and panic-stricken from the field of the fight. The blow, in its moral and its physical effects, will prove of incalculable advantage to the Southern cause.

The first regiment of the enemy that crossed over from Washington—the Zouaves of Ellsworth—have fled from the field with only two hundred left of the entire regiment. Retributive justice has overtaken the first of the enemy who put their feet upon the sacred soil of Virginia, and from six to eight hundred of them have been cut down dead upon the land which they insolently dared to invade.

Many a brave Southerner has had to fall, too—but our loss, we are confident, is small in comparison to that of the enemy. Our brave boys fought with heroic courage, but they fell in the holy cause of defence against aggression, and 'it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country.' To the God of Battles let the heart of the whole South yield its tribute of praise and thanksgiving for this most signal and brilliant victory."

From an article in the New Orleans *Picayune*, we take the following:

"Our telegraphic dispatches this morning tell a glorious tale for the South. It is not the bulletins of our friends alone which announce a grand victory for the armies of the South. It is confessed to all its greatness and completeness by the wailings which come to us from the city of Washington, the headquarters of our enemies. It is told in the groans of the panic-stricken Unionists of tyranny who are quaking behind their entrenchments with apprehension for the approach of the avenging soldiery of the South, driving before it the routed remnants of that magnificent army which they had prepared and sent forth with the boastful promise of an eary victory. From Richmond, on the contrary, come the glad signs of exceeding joy over a triumph of our arms, so great and overwhelming as though the God of Battles had fought visibly on our side, and smitten and scattered our enemies with a thunderbolt."

A letter from Harper's Ferry, dated July 25, says:—"A large number of rebel troops slain at Bull Run were from this section. Their dead bodies are being forwarded, and the solemn rites of interment performed by their surviving friends. Winchester, Martinsburg, Charlestown, &c., are lamenting the loss of some of their most prominent citizens. The wail of the widow and orphan is everywhere heard. The bodies of Capt. Ives, Mr. Butler, a rich farmer, and Mr. Harrison of the Virginia line, are among the recent arrivals at Winchester, &c."

According to the correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, a considerable number of the wealthy and prominent men of Virginia fell in the recent battle. Judge Campbell, in a letter written before the battle, said that a sanguinary contest would be a terrible misfortune, as the flower of the South was with the rebel army.

THE REBEL CAVALRY. The Baltimore *Exchange*, a secession paper, says the cavalry forces in Gen. Beauregard's army must have numbered 7000. The same paper contains the following:—"We have plenty of men in the right place. Movements take place very often, which seem to indicate a retreat; but the Federals will learn to their cost that the word 'retreat' is not in Jeff. Davis's vocabulary. What may seem a sudden retreat will only prove their defeat and ruin in certain localities I could mention."

THE SKIRMISH AT PATTERSON'S CREEK.—The following is an extract from a letter received in Washington from Col. Lewis Wallace of the Eleventh Indiana Regiment, who is a brother of Senator Lane of Indiana:

"My report of the skirmish on Kelly's Island, near Patterson's Creek, is not only true, but, in fact, too lightly colored. There were but *thirteen* of my picket, and at least *seventy* of the enemy engaged. On my side there was but one man killed; on the enemy's side twenty-seven were killed, including those who have since died. This disparity is accounted for by the fact that my men were on the island, under cover, while the enemy had to cross the creek directly under our fire. In the first engagement, the enemy, in the desperation of fear, spurred their horses headlong into a culvert, where, heaped into a helpless mass, they fell an easy prey. Eight of them died there, and were left on the track.

The battle near Carthage, Missouri, was a terrible blow to the secessionists of that region, according to Col. Sigel's official report. The Leavenworth (Ka.) *Conservative* of the 23d ult., learns the following additional concerning it:—"Six families arrived here yesterday from the immediate neighborhood of Carthage. They are confident that the secessionists lost *fifteen hundred men* in that battle. They say it took from Friday till the next Thursday night to bury the dead; and some of the men now here engaged in the burial. About six hundred were found on the original battle-field, and the rest scattered along the whole line of retreat, especially in the timber through which Sigel made his final escape."

A Fort Monroe letter in the New York *Post* says:—"A curious incident occurred in connection with the capture of the secession prize Enchantress. As the gun-boat Albatross approached her, she 'fought shy,' and when hailed replied that she was 'From Newburyport, bound to Santa Cruz.' At this moment the negro cook appeared on the gunwale, crying out as he leaped into the sea with uplifted hands: 'For God's sake, save me, Captain! She's a seccsher, bound to Charleston!' A boat was immediately lowered to save the negro and board the brig. On examining her papers, it was found that her reply to the hail was true, but she was a prize to the Jeff. Davis, and had a prize crew on board. Her cargo is first-class assorted goods, suitable for the Union army. The prize crew proved to be of a variety of nations. One of them was named Riggles, and formerly belonged to the truck of Company 2, New York. The captain had his son on board. The Jeff. Davis's crew behaved very badly with their prize, destroying articles of the cargo which they could not use. The Enchantress is built upon a beautiful model, and is probably worth $8000."

THE RETURN OF OUR HEROES. New York, on Friday, welcomed home her brave sons, the 8th and 71st regiments of State Militia. And such a welcome! Broadway, for miles, was one dense mass of men, women and children, gathered to greet their war-worn husbands, sons and brothers from the bloody field of Bull Run. The great thoroughfare was all ablaze with brilliant bunting and banners, bearing cheering words of love and confidence, spanned the street from end to end. It was well worth the wealth of patriotic self-sacrifice which the brave fellows had bestowed to be the honored recipients of such generous congratulations. Their upward march was a sight to be long remembered.—*Tribune.*

Jeff. Davis sent the following dispatch to his wife at Richmond:

"MANASSAS, July 21.

We have won a glorious, though dearly bought victory. Night closed on the enemy in full flight, and closely pursued. JEFF. DAVIS."

The rebel Congress at Richmond adopted the following, with other resolutions:

Resolved, That we recognize the hand of the Most High God, the King of kings and Lord of lords, in the glorious victory with which He hath crowned our army at Manassas; and that the people of the Confederate States are invited, by appropriate services on the ensuing Sabbath, to offer up their united thanksgiving and praise for this mighty deliverance.

What pious effrontery before high Heaven! It has no parallel in the sanctious scoundrelism of mankind. "The Lord shall have them in derision."

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE. The officers who took Mr. Pryor prisoner say that among the other prisoners taken was a very badly wounded rebel officer, who wore the eagle of a Colonel on his shoulder-strap. He appeared to have got in advance of his regiment, and got separated from them, and so cut off. His left arm had been shattered above the elbow, and the useless member was dangling in his coat sleeve. He was also bleeding profusely from a wound in the side, yet waving his sword in the air, and would not give up until surrounded, and a big fellow of one of the Maine regiments rushed up to him, threw down his own gun, and clasped the officer round the body.

His sword then dropped from his grasp, and he sank upon the ground. The first words he said were, "What fools you Yankees are, to attack us with such a handful of men!" "Why," replied his captors, "how many have *you* got?" "There are 90,000 men on the field," he replied, "besides ——." Here his strength failed: he sighed heavily; the blood gushed from his side in a torrent; he called out in a faint tone, "*Emma, Emma,*" repeating the name twice, stretched out his limbs, and expired. He was a very handsome man, about thirty-five years of age.

In no instance did the enemy stand our charge, but retreated to their trenches. We can whip them in a fair field fight, but it is wilful murder to order infantry to charge masked batteries before they are silenced, and we had not sufficient artillery to silence them. Capt. Rickett's Battery, which was attached to our brigade, was destroyed. The enemy have much of our artillery and wounded, for we had but one ambulance, and that was of no use through the woods. There never was a battle fought on this continent with such odds. The rebels must have suffered much more than we did, as a man whom I shot told me that they had been carrying back their wounded for more than two hours. I could see them fall at every volley. Their officers were sacrificed in large numbers, as they were in full uniform, while we were dressed like the men.

One cavalry company charged upon us, and we emptied forty saddles at one discharge. They used the Stars and Stripes to deceive us, and told us not to fire on them, then raised the secession flag and fired on us. This was done repeatedly. We have our colors, but the color sergeants were shot.

Fighting reads very well in print, but for any one to stand with shell, grape and rifle shot singing around his head is very far from pleasant; but it turns a man into a brute, and makes him perfectly reckless and blood-thirsty. At the commencement, on seeing a man fall, I could not help pitying him, but in a short time, I thought no more of a man than of a goat. As soon as we can ascertain the extent of our loss, I will write you, but don't worry about me; "what is to be will be."—*Extract from a letter of a Captain in the 11th Massachusetts Regiment.*

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, an intelligent and reflective writer, but in strong sympathy with the cause of the South, writes as follows:

An intelligent soldier gives me an instance of the loss on the part of the enemy which I have not seen mentioned before, except in general terms. The N. Y. 69th, 79th and 13th, and 2d Wisconsin, charged a large body of the enemy, and drove them in to a piece of wood at the foot of the slope of a hill. This column followed the enemy into and through the woods, both emerging on the other side, but with terrible loss to the enemy. The witness passed through the wood after the troops, and beheld scores and hundreds of men lying, sometimes piled one upon another, dead, while many more, in the agonies of death, were piteously moaning. All the sufferers were of the enemy.

Again, the Black Horse Cavalry was the pride of Virginia, and has been celebrated by Gov. Wise, in some of his speeches. It was composed of the very flower of the best families of Fauquier and Prince William counties. Every man rode his own favorite and choice charger—not one of which was worth in Virginia, less than three or four hundred dollars. Every man had a stake in the soil, and in the community. Every man was a landed proprietor, and a man of culture and standing in society. They were distinguished on the field by their gallant bearing, the splendor of their equipments, and their audacious charges. Nearly every one of them bit the dust. Few even of the noble brutes, their horses, escaped unharmed. The calamity carries mourning into hundreds of families and neighborhoods.

The loss on the Federal side of gallant men is great, but not so large as had been feared.

The 69th (Irish) regiment of New York city returned on Saturday last, after three months' service. They were in the battle of Bull's Run, fought like heroes, and lost over three hundred men. On this account their reception in Philadelphia and New York was most enthusiastic. Col. Corcoran, the commander of the regiment, is a prisoner in Richmond. Patrick Dyer, a private of the 69th, who has been a prisoner at Manassas Junction, arrived at Washington on Friday, having escaped from that place. He says the men who are prisoners there are closely incarcerated, some of them being tied together.

General McDowell attributes his defeat to the superior force of the enemy; that the men composing our army represented every profession in civil life, but were unacquainted with the rules and tactics of warfare; that the teamsters were green and the country new, and that even the artillery could not change their position without creating an alarm. Gen. McDowell also states that he would wager his life that two-thirds of his officers had never before seen a cannon ball in the air.

NORTHERN NEWS IN THE SOUTHERN CAMP. A correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*, writing under date of July 11, says:—"Such are the facilities of communication between Washington and Fairfax that Baltimore papers arrive in our camp on the very day of their publication." In another letter, the same writer says that every movement of the Union army is known, even to details, and that Beauregard has so distributed his troops, that in case he desires to advance upon Washington, or merely fall back upon positions already selected, he can bring the whole army into action with the greatest possible despatch.

A New Orleans paper, speaking of the steamers Massachusetts and South Carolina, which are blockading the mouth of the Mississippi, amiably says—"They are a couple of scavenger vessels, filled with infernal Yankees, who are loafing about the coast, robbing hen-roosts, and frightening women and children."

A letter from Washington to the Hartford *Courant* contains this remarkable statement:—"Mr. McKay, Gen. Mansfield's aid, informs me that a box came directed to him Tuesday morning, which he opened and found to contain the heads of our men who had died or been murdered on the field of battle."

It is a somewhat singular circumstance that the mothers of Col. Slocum, Major Ballou and Captain Tower, all of the Second Rhode Island Regiment, who fell on Sunday last, should all live in this place, almost within a stone's throw of each other.—*Pawtucket Gazette.*

A letter from Harper's Ferry, dated July 23, says the rebels have again occupied Martinsburg, where Gen. Patterson's army were received with so much apparent joy by the people. The re-appearance of the rebels at Martinsburg was hailed with unbounded enthusiasm—the professed Union men being as loud and loyal to the South as ever. Up went the rebel flags, while those who were Union men at heart were obliged to flee from their homes.

THE FREE NEGROES OF TENNESSEE TO BE IMPRESSED. The Legislature of Tennessee has passed an act "for the relief of volunteers," which authorizes the Governor to impress into the army all the free negroes of that State, between the ages of fifteen and fifty years, being sound in mind and body. These "volunteers" are to perform such menial service in the camp as may be required, and to receive therefor regular rations, with eight dollars per month as wages.

HOW THE FIENDS TREATED THE WOUNDED. It was reported that John H. Morris, color-bearer of the 2d Regiment N. Y. S. M., was killed. How this report originated may be gathered from the following statement by Mr. Morris, who is alive at Washington, and who relates the manner in which our wounded were slaughtered by fiendish rebels:—"Being confined in the hospital in Centreville, at the time it was *fired* by the rebels, I had an opportunity of witnessing their actions with regard to the wounded—many of whom they dragged out through the windows, and bayoneted; others were killed by the butts of muskets. I escaped by feigning death, and scarcely daring to breathe. They afterward fired the building, while many were yet inside. Soon afterward they retired, and I made good my escape to Washington." Mr. Morris was wounded in four places, but is in a fair way to recover.

There is astounding evidence before the Potter Investigating Committee, that there are employees in the Washington Navy Yard, who are engaged in aiding the rebels.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF COL. MILES. Our disaster on Sunday is ascribed to Col. Dixon H. Miles, who commanded the reserve, and failed to come at the critical moment. The evidence of his drunkenness is overwhelming, and his command has been taken away from him. He will probably be court-martialed.—*New York Tribune.*

A Western military man, who was on the field and near where the charge of Southern cavalry which decided the battle was made, expresses the opinion that to the inefficiency of the Commanding General's staff, more than to any other thing, was the disgraceful rout owing. Through this inefficiency, many of Gen. McDowell's orders never reached the officers to whom they were addressed.—*Boston Traveller.*

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION AT LONGWOOD,

CHESTER COUNTY, PA.,

On Seventh day the 17th of the 8th mo., (August) 1861, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

UNCLE JOSEPH'S SEVENTH ANNUAL LETTER TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Before the apple trees were in blossom, or a nest of young robins had pipped their way out of the tiny blue eggs, some boys and girls began to *stir* about our Children's Convention, which we have held annually since 1855. So, some of them wrote a letter, and addressed it to an "uncle" of theirs, proposing to hold it in hot haste, and not wait for the usual time, in the autumn. Way did not open, however. Would you believe it, one of the signers is a *Secessionist?* Time was when he was a brave *boy*, but he seceded into the State of Matrimony. Even thy good name will not Shield thee, William! There are strong indications that others may go, but we must not be discouraged; we can afford to be magnanimous, and yet "sustain our Government," which we are determined to do at all hazards. The time has now arrived for the children to consider this anniversary their own. However, I took the responsibility to see our friend G. W. Peirce about the grand old Park, to go into after the meeting shall be over. As usual, the birds poured out a torrent of warbling, as though they had something to say on the question; and I just thought that if every melodious sound could come down like a snow flake, festooning the Norways, and making a white carpet under their wide-spreading boughs, and you were all there for about five minutes in your little bare feet—wouldn't it be real fun to see 1000 or 1500 little tracks? By the way, that must be multiplied by two, as each fellow would make two impressions. You would be as joyous as the little girl that had tight shoes, and took them off, stocking and all, saying, "*There*, little feets, now be happy, won't you?" I like snow and water. I have thought, sometimes, there would be a baby born, if it is not already, that would make light and fuel out of water. We shall see.

Girls and boys, what do you remember the farthest back? How we should all be amused to hear each tell the story! Well, when I was a "wee little fellow," I had a fashion of running down, and playing by the side of a stream like the Brandywine. Father had cautioned me, without the desired effect. One day, he had me take off my clothing, and, suddenly as a bird would swallow a worm, soused me neck and heels under the water. I sprang for the shore, but how I came to succeed in getting there, I never could tell. I was so frightened that I did not hear my father calling me to stop. I leaped like a young antelope, ran into the village street, and bounded in at the front door. I learned *a lesson of obedience* that day, and that is the farthest that I can remember away back amidst the star-beams of near half a century.

I wish the traitors could all be taught an effectual lesson. I think they will be. They are like the borers who destroy our beautiful trees.

Children, we must all work and pray, that the Angel of Liberty may cast out the Demon of Slavery which is boring out the heart, and causing the leaves on the tree of the nation to look sallow. The tree must not be suffered to die. When I think of overthrowing oppression, putting down intemperance, tobacco using, profanity, and all other evils, I can't help feeling that little children may aid in the work. I believe in my heart the holy Jesus thought so too, for we read, "And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." "Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

There is a cord reaching from where we are, to where the lover of little children dwells. Let every little hand take hold of it, and, as some one said, it will ring the bell; and though we may not hear, the angels will hear, and God will hear, and answer us according to our works.

Come, then, come one, come all! When you think the wagon is full, sit a little closer, and crowd one more little fellow in. Our meeting will occur in August, the anniversary month of British emancipation, when hundreds of thousands of little children, with their parents, were changed from the condition of chattelism into freedom. God hasten the period when the foot-print of a slave shall not pollute our fair land!

A noble little Chester county boy raised six dollars in five cent pieces last winter, and sent it to the committee to relieve the starving people in Kansas. I have never seen him. I hope he will come to the Convention. I would rather shake hands with him than with a chieftain or a conqueror. Let the gallant little State of Delaware, our own counties of Lancaster, Montgomery, and Delaware, all be represented as usual, for we are to have a good time. The order will be first to hold the meeting, then load a couple of wagons with the well-filled baskets, when we will all walk over to the Park, with the distinct understanding that no carriages are to enter the gate.

Affectionately, your Uncle and Friend,

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

P. S. The West Chester and Philadelphia cars on the Baltimore Central will arrive at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Greenwood Station, twenty minutes' walk from Longwood.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS.—The undersigned respectfully solicits authentic information of every case of outrage and wrong perpetrated by the Southern chivalry upon Northern citizens, and upon Southern men who have suffered on account of anti-slavery principles, in order to put them on record for the information of future generations. Every person who has himself suffered, or who may know of instances of commercial men, teachers, preachers, travellers, young ladies, etc., who have been hung, or killed in any way, tarred and feathered, ridden on rails, or otherwise outraged, with the amount of pecuniary loss incident thereto, together with the amount of debts which remain unpaid for the last fifty years, is desired to write out and forward to the undersigned an accurate account thereof, giving names, dates, localities, etc. Let every communicant give his name in full, and Post Office address, that the facts, if necessary, may be verified.

Editors favorable to the above will please copy, for we want facts to enable us to estimate the value of the "DIVINE INSTITUTION."

L. G. OLMSTEAD, New York.

SLAVERS ON THEIR WAY HOME WITH NEGROES.—We have received reliable information from the African squadron, to the effect that the following vessels have shipped cargoes of negroes on board on the coast, and sailed with them for the Western hemisphere.

The Fairie, said to be of New York.

The Alexina, said to owned by Crocker & Co., New York.

The Storm King (an old name in the trade.)

The brig Martha Post, of Saybrook, Conn., said to be owned by Post and others.

The Storm King is said to have succeeded in getting on board one of the most profitable cargoes of negroes ever shipped from the Congo River. She was neither boarded by man-of-war, nor overhauled in any way. The Falmouth was reported to be getting a pretty large load of negroes.

At a time when these escapes are reported, it is annoying to read of the intended removal of our store-house on the African station from St. Paul de Loanda to St. Helena. The old United States store-house was located, it will be remembered, at Porto Praya; but in consequence of the number of slaves eluding the vigilance of our cruiser off the mouth of the Congo, it was transferred to St. Paul, which is in the centre of the slave-trader's track. The motive alleged to have induced the Commander-in-Chief to go to St. Helena is the brutal treatment of our store-keeper, Mr. Bonne, by the Portuguese authorities. All the men-of-war, but one, attached to the coast of Africa fleet, have been recalled.—*Com. Advertiser.*

COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE. A correspondent of the N. Y. *Christian Inquirer*, writing about Commencement at Cambridge, says:—

"The chief impression left on my mind by the week at Cambridge is satisfaction at the new life among our scholars, and the signs of better understanding between opposing thinkers. It is too much to anticipate or desire a thorough *fusion* between our radical and conservative men; yet there need be no confusion, and I confess to being refreshed by hearing the voices of Everett and Emerson in the same hall, and seeing those two famous men in different ways, Wendell Phillips and Motley, talking and laughing together over the old times when they were in college together. Time writes marked lines on these two classmates, who were before us a year at Cambridge; and the face of the reformer looks as sharp and militant as a fortress, whilst the historian's has the genial play of a broad landscape, with free rivers, fresh groves, and smiling vineyards. I confess to pleasant associations with both men, but cannot help wishing that the radical would take some lessons from the scholar and patriot." [What lessons?]

EDWARD EVERETT ON THE WAR. The Commencement at Dartmouth College took place on the 25th ult. At the Dinner of the Alumni Association, Hon. Edward Everett made a brief speech, in the course of which he said:—

"In reference to our present national crisis, I would remark that it is not the most unbroken prosperity that is most favorable to the development of national character. The late disasters to our arms need cast no gloom of despondency over the hopes of final success. English people often think it strange that we erected Bunker Hill monument, because they say we were defeated in the battle; but when Gen. Washington learned how bravely the new militia had met the advance of the British regulars, he remarked that "the cause of the country was safe." (Great

Poetry.

For the Liberator.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST---OUR COUNTRY.

I.

A sound of wailing and of woe
Comes on each Southern breeze :—
Our brethren fall before the foe,
By Slavery's base decrees !
Rouse ye, within whose veins there flows
The blood of Pilgrim sires,—
Help them to ward the tyrants' blows,
To kindle Freedom's fires.

II.

The despots who 've usurped our soil,
And stricken Freedom down,
To keep us bound in vain shall toil,
While God and freemen frown :
The "stronger than the strong man armed"
The tyrant hosts shall bind ;
Before Him they shall flee, alarmed,
Like chaff before the wind.

III.

"Hope on, hope ever," henceforth be
Our motto, while we toil
To make the sons of Afric free
Upon Columbia's soil :
Ours is a nobler strife than won
Our fathers' liberty,—
As th' sun outshines the smallest star
Which in the heavens we see.

IV.

The contest let us no'er give o'er,—
Be active, true, and brave,
Till our fair soil is pressed no more
By foot of panting slave :
Till what so long has been our boast,
That "all men are born free,"
Waves proudly over Freedom's host,
Emblem of Liberty !

Boston, July 22, 1861. JUSTITIA.

For the Liberator.

IMPROMPTU.

Written on reading an account of the disgraceful conduct of Col. Cowdin in returning, to a tyrannical master, a trembling fugitive, who had fled to the Mass. First Regiment for protection.

Great and glorious Sovereign, lead us
In this struggle to do right :
If thy mercy fails to move us,
O, compel us by thy might !

If the panting, trembling bondman
Finds in us a bitter foe ;
If our hearts, like Pharaoh's, hardened,
Are regardless of his woe ;

If we, Freedom's bliss enjoying,
Dare to place an iron heel
On our poor, down-trodden brother,
Who would fain its blessings feel ;

If into the hell of slavery
We return him by our might,
When he, weak, and faint, and helpless,
Seeks to gain the goal by flight ;

Then, as thou of old didst follow
With thy judgments, swift and sure,
Those who sought to crush the bondman,
The oppressors of the poor ;

Let thy judgments come upon us,
Till we, from the depths, shall call :
"From the weary, wretched bondman
Strike the shackles—let them fall !"

Lo, we look to thee, Jehovah ;
Greater than our army thou ;
May our people, may our rulers,
Cease to do injustice now !

Let our army be victorious
When it strikes for truth and right ;
And the triumph which shall crown it,
Freedom be, for black and white !

Haverhill, Mass. J. M. EMERSON.

For the Liberator.

A SLAVE.

BY MARCIA M. BASSETT.

A slave ! a slave !—O God, and is it thus
My weary, weary life must pass away,
In bitter tears and plaintive prayers by night,
And ceaseless, wasting, brutal toil by day ?

A slave ! a slave !—and yet they proudly boast
That this is Freedom's sacred, happy land ;
While with my manacled and bleeding limbs,
A chattel slave on Freedom's soil I stand !

A slave !—yet, to my heart, I gathered once
A flower of joy—and how my bosom thrilled !
Ah ! but the thought went crushing through my brain,
My child 's a slave !—horror my being filled.

A slave ! a slave !—and is there, then, no light
Across the Future's dark, mysterious sea ?
Must Ethiopia stretch her hands in vain ?
Is there no land of rest, no day of jubilee ?

A slave !—but, ah ! the din of war I hear !
I see across the gloom the rocket's glare !
'Tis Freedom ringing hateful Slavery's knell—
God's answer to our earnest, heartfelt prayer !

Chardon, Ohio.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

I'm a dashing young Southerner, gallant and tall,
I'm willing to fight, but unwilling to fall ;
I'm willing to fight, but I think I may say
That I'm still more in favor of running away :
So forth from my quarters I fearlessly go,
With my feet to the field, and my back to the foe !

The life of a trooper is pleasure and ease,
Just suited to sprigs of the old F. F. Vs. ;
No horrible wounds, and no midnight alarms,
Should mar our fair skins, and get rust on our arms ;
Through the sweet sunny South we will tranquilly go,
With our feet to the field, and our backs to the foe !

I own twenty niggers, of various shades,
Who burnish my arms for our fancy parades ;
My horse prances sideways, curvetting along,
And lovely eyes single me out from the throng
Of dashing young Southerners, all in a row,
With their feet to the field, and their backs to the foe !

My sword is gold-hilted, my charger is fleet,
I am bullion and spangles from helmet to feet ;
I am fierce in my cups, and most savagely bent
On slaying the Yankees * * * when safe in my tent ;
In short, if I'm timid, I know how to blow,
With my feet to the field, and my back to the foe.

'Tis well for the hireling, myrmidon crew,
To shed vulgar blood for their red, white and blue ;
But when they've attacked us, we always have beat—
Don't misunderstand ; I mean, beat a retreat !
And the grass, I'll be sworn, has a poor chance to grow,
With our feet to the field, and our backs to the foe.

Then bring me my horse ! let me ride in the van,
A position I always secure, if I can :
For the enemy hardly can hit me, I find,
While running away with an army behind,
As over the ground like a whirlwind I go,
With my feet to the field, and my back to the foe !

Sometimes I put Sambo, and Cuffee, and Clem.,
'Twixt me and the Yankees, who shoot into them ;
But when at close quarters, with pistol and knife,
I find it much safer to run for my life ;
So the dust from my horseshoes I haughtily throw,
As I dash from the field with my back to the foe.

The Northmen, to catch me, will have to ride fast,
Though I have a misgiving they'll do it at last ;
And it cannot be other than awkward, I fear,
To find a great knot underneath my left ear,
As up through the air like a rocket I go,
With a beam overhead and a scaffold below !

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining :
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.

Selected Articles.

NAT TURNER'S INSURRECTION.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for August.]

During the year 1831, up to the 23d of August, the Virginia newspapers were absorbed in the momentous problems which then occupied the minds of intelligent American citizens :—What General Jackson should do with the scolds, and what with the disreputables,—Should South Carolina be allowed to nullify ? and would the wives of Cabinet Ministers call on Mrs. Eaton ? It is an unfailing opiate, to turn over the drowsy files of the *Richmond Enquirer*, until the moment when those dry and dusty pages are suddenly kindled into flame by the torch of Nat Turner. Then the terror flares on, increasing, until the remotest Southern States are found shuddering at nightly rumors of insurrection,—until far-off European colonies, Antigua, Martinique, Caraccas, Tortola, recognize, by some secret sympathy, the same epidemic alarms,—until the very boldest words of freedom are reported as uttered in the Virginia House of Delegates with unclosed doors,—until an obscure young man named Garrison is indicted at Common Law in North Carolina, and has a price set upon his head by the Legislature of Georgia. The insurrection revived in one agonizing reminiscence all the distresses of Gabriel's Revolt, thirty years before ; and its memory endures still fresh, now that thirty added years have brought the more formidable presence of General Butler. It is by no means impossible that the very children, or even confederates of Nat Turner, may be included at this moment among the contraband articles of Fort Monroe.

Near the southeastern border of Virginia, in Southampton county, there is a neighborhood known as "The Cross Keys." It lies fifteen miles from Jerusalem, the county-town or "court-house," seventy miles from Norfolk, and about as far from Richmond. It is some ten or fifteen miles from Murfreesboro' in North Carolina, and about twenty-five from the Great Dismal Swamp. Up to Sunday, the 21st of August, 1831, there was nothing to distinguish it from any other rural, lethargic, slipshod Virginia neighborhood, with the due allotment of mansion-houses and log-huts, tobacco-fields and "old fields," horses, dogs, negroes, "poor white folks," so called, and other white folks, poor without being called so. One of these last was Joseph Travis, who had recently married the widow of one Putnam Moore, and had unfortunately wedded to himself her negroes also.

In the woods on the plantation of Joseph Travis, upon the Sunday just named, six slaves met at noon for what is called in the Northern States a pic-nic, and in the Southern a barbecue. The bill of fare was to be simple, one brought a pig, and another some brandy, giving to the meeting an aspect so cheaply convivial that no one would have imagined it to be the final consummation of a conspiracy which had been for six months in preparation. In this plot, four of the men had been already initiated,—Henry, Hark or Hercules, Nelson, and Sam. Two others were novices, Will and Jack by name. The party had remained together from twelve to three o'clock, when a seventh man joined them,—a short, stout, powerfully built person, of dark mulatto complexion and strongly-marked African features, but with a face full of expression and resolution. This was Nat Turner.

He was, at this time, nearly thirty-one years old, having been born on the second of October, 1800. He had belonged originally to Benjamin Turner,—whence his last name, slaves having usually no patronymic,—had then been transferred to Putnam Moore, and then to his present owner. He had, by his own account, felt himself singled out, from childhood, for some great work ; and he had some peculiar marks on his person, which, joined to his great mental precocity, were enough to occasion, among his youthful companions, a superstitious faith in his gifts and destiny. He had great mechanical ingenuity also, experimentalized very early in making paper, gunpowder, pottery, and in other arts which in later life he was found thoroughly to understand. His moral faculties were very strong, so that white witnesses admitted that he had never been known to swear an oath, to drink a drop of spirits, or to commit a theft. And in general, so marked were his early peculiarities, that people said "he had too much sense to be raised, and if he was, he would never be of any use as a slave." This impression of personal destiny grew with his growth ;—he fasted, prayed, preached, read the Bible, heard voices when he walked behind his plough, and communicated his revelations to the awe-struck slaves. They told him in return, that, "if they had his sense, they would not serve any master in the world."

The biographies of slaves can hardly be individualized ; they belong to the class. We know bare facts ; it is only the general experience of human beings in like condition which can clothe them with life. The outlines are certain, the details are inferential. Thus, for instance, we know that Nat Turner's young wife was a slave ; we know that she belonged to a different master from himself ; we know little more than this, but this is much. For this is equivalent to saying that, by day or by night, that husband had no more power to protect her than the man who lies bound upon a plundered vessel's deck has power to protect his wife on board the pirate-schooner disappearing in the horizon ; she may be reverenced, she may be outraged ; it is in the powerlessness that the agony lies. There is, indeed, one thing more which we do know of this young woman : the Virginia newspapers state that she was tortured under the lash, after her husband's execution, to make her produce his papers : this is all.

What his private experiences and special privileges or wrongs may have been, it is therefore now impossible to say. Travis was declared to be "more humane and fatherly to his slaves than any man in the county" ; but it is astonishing how often this phenomenon occurs in the contemporary annals of slave insurrections. The chairman of the county court also stated, in pronouncing sentence, that Nat Turner had spoken of his master as only "too indulgent" ; but this, for some reason, does not appear in his printed Confession, which only says, "He was a kind master, and placed the greatest confidence in me." It is very possible that it may have been so, but the printed accounts of Nat Turner's person look suspicious : he is described in Gov. Floyd's proclamation as having a scar on one of his temples, also one on the back of his neck, and a large knot on one of the bones of his right arm, produced by a blow ; and although these were explained away in Virginia newspapers as being produced by fights with his companions, yet such affrays are entirely foreign to the admitted habits of the man. It must, therefore, remain an open question, whether the scars and the knot were produced by black hands or by white.

Whatever Nat Turner's experiences of slavery might have been, it is certain that his plans were not suddenly adopted, but that he brooded over them for years. To this day there are traditions among the Virginia slaves of the keen devices of "Prophet Nat." If he was caught with lime and lamp-black in hand, conning over a half-finished county-map on the barn door, he was always "planning what to do if he were blind," or "studying how to get to Mr. Francis's house." When he had called a meeting of slaves, and some poor whites came eavesdropping, the poor whites at once became the subjects for discussion ; he incidentally mentioned that the masters had been heard threatening to drive them away ; one slave had been ordered to shoot Mr. Jones's pigs, another to tear down Mr. Johnson's fences. The poor whites, Johnson and Jones, ran home to see to their homesteads, and were better friends than ever to Prophet Nat.

He never was a Baptist preacher, though such vocation has often been attributed to him. The impression arose from his having immersed himself, during one of his periods of special enthusiasm, together with a poor white man named Brantley. "About this time," he says in his Confession, "I told these things to a white man, on whom it had a wonderful effect, and he ceased from his wickedness, and was attacked immediately with a cutaneous eruption, and the blood oozed from the pores of his skin, and after praying and fasting nine days, he was healed. And the Spirit appeared to me again, and said, as the Savior had been baptized, so we should be also ; and when the white people would not let us be baptized by the Church, we went down into the water together, in the sight of many who reviled us, and were baptized by the Spirit. After this, I rejoiced greatly, and gave thanks to God."

The religious hallucinations narrated in his Confession seem to have been as genuine as the average of such things, and are very well expressed. It reads quite like Jacob Behmen. He saw black spirits and white spirits contending in the skies, the sun was darkened, the thunder rolled. "And the Holy Ghost was with me, and said, 'Behold me as I stand in the heavens!' And I looked, and saw the forms of men in different attitudes. And there were lights in the sky, to which the children of darkness gave other names than what thay really were ; for they were the lights of the Savior's hands, stretched forth from east to west, even as they were extended on the cross on Calvary for the redemption of sinners." He saw drops of blood on the corn : this was Christ's blood shed for man. He saw on the leaves in the woods, letters and numbers and figures of men,—the same symbols which he had seen in the skies. On May 12, 1828, the Holy Spirit appeared to him, and proclaimed that the yoke of Jesus must fall on him, and he must fight against the Serpent when the sign appeared. Then came an eclipse of the sun in February, 1831 : this was the sign ; then he must arise and prepare himself, and slay his enemies with their own weapons ; then also the seal was removed from his lips, and then he confided his plans to four associates.

When he came, therefore, to the barbecue on the appointed Sunday, and found, not these four only, but two others, his first question to the intruders was, How they came thither. To this Will answered manfully, that his life was worth no more than the others, and "his liberty was as dear to him." This admitted him to confidence ; and as Jack was known to be entirely under Hark's influence, the strangers were no bar to their discussion. Eleven hours they remained there, in anxious consultation : one can imagine those terrible dusky faces, beneath the funereal woods, and amid the flickering of pine-knot torches, preparing that stern revenge whose shuddering echoes should ring through the land so long. Two things were at last decided : to begin their work that night, and to begin it with a massacre so swift and irresistible as to create in a few days more terror than many battles, and so spare the need of future bloodshed. "It was agreed that we should commence at home that night, and, until we had armed and equipped ourselves, and gained sufficient force, neither age nor sex was to be spared : which was invariably adhered to."

John Brown invaded Virginia with nineteen men, and with the avowed resolution to take no life but in self-defence. Nat Turner attacked Virginia from within, with six men, and with the determination to spare no life until his power was established. John Brown intended to pass rapidly through Virginia, and then retreat to the mountains. Nat Turner intended to "conquer Southampton county as the white men did in the Revolution, and then retreat, if necessary, to the Dismal Swamp." Each plan was deliberately matured ; each was in its way practicable ; but each was defeated by a single false step, as will soon appear.

We must pass over the details of horror, as they occurred during the next twenty-four hours. Swift and stealthy as Indians, the black men passed from house to house,—not pausing, not hesitating, as their terrible work went on. In one thing they were humaner than Indians, or than white men fighting against Indians,—there was no gratuitous outrage beyond the death-blow itself ; no insult, no mutilation ; but in every house they entered, that blow fell on man, woman and child,—nothing that had a white skin was spared. From every house they took arms and ammunition, and from a few, money ; on every plantation they found recruits : those dusky slaves, so obsequious to their masters the day before, so prompt to sing and dance before his Northern visitors, were all swift to transform themselves into fiends of retribution now ; show them sword or musket, and they grasped it, though it were an heir-loom from Washington himself. The troop increased from house to house—first to fifteen, then to forty, then to sixty. Some were armed with muskets, some with axes, some with scythes ; some came on their masters' horses. As the numbers increased, they could be divided, and the awful work was carried on more rapidly still. The plan then was for an advanced guard of horsemen to approach each house at a gallop, and surround it till the others came up. Meanwhile, what agonies of terror must have taken place within, shared alike by innocent and by guilty ! what memories of wrongs inflicted on those dusky creatures, by some,—what innocent participation, by others, in the penance ! The outbreak lasted for but forty-eight hours ; but during that period, fifty-five whites were slain, without the loss of a single slave.

One fear was needless, which to many a husband and father must have intensified the last struggle. These negroes had been systematically brutalized from childhood ; they had been allowed no legalized or permanent marriage ; they had beheld around them an habitual licentiousness, such as can scarcely exist except in a slave State ; some of them had seen their wives and sisters habitually polluted by the husbands and brothers of these fair white women who were now absolutely in their power. Yet I have looked through the Virginia newspapers of that time in vain for one charge of an indecent outrage on a woman against these triumphant and terrible slaves. Wherever they went, there went death, and that was all. Compare this with ordinary wars ; compare it with the annals of the French Revolution. No one, perhaps, has yet painted the wrongs of the French populace so terribly as Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities" ; yet what man, conversant with slave-biographies, can read that narrative without feeling it weak beside the provocations to which fugitive slaves testify ? It is something for human nature that these desperate insurgents revenged such wrongs by death alone. Even that fearful penalty was to be inflicted only till the object was won. It was admitted in the *Richmond Enquirer* of that time, that "indiscriminate massacre was not their intention, after they obtained foothold, and was resorted to in the first instance to strike terror and alarm. Women and children would afterwards have been spared, and men also who ceased to resist."

It is reported by some of the contemporary newspapers, that a portion of this abstinence was the result of deliberate consultation among the insurrectionists ; that some of them were resolved on taking the white women for wives, but were overruled by Nat Turner. If so, he is the only American slave-leader of whom we know certainly that he rose above the ordinary level of slave vengeance, and Mrs. Stowe's picture of Dred's purposes is then precisely typical of his. "Whom the Lord saith unto us, 'Smite,' them will we smite. We will not torment them with the scourge and fire, nor defile their women as they have done with ours. But we will slay them utterly, and consume them from off the face of the earth."

When the number of adherents had increased to fifty or sixty, Nat Turner judged it time to strike at the county-seat, Jerusalem. Thither a few white fugitives had already fled, and couriers might thence be despatched for aid to Richmond and Petersburg, unless promptly intercepted. Besides, he could there find arms, ammunition, and money ; though they had already obtained, it is dubiously reported, from eight hundred to one thousand dollars. On the way, it was necessary to pass the plantation of Mr. Parker, three miles from Jerusalem. Some of the men wished to stop here, and enlist some of their friends. Nat Turner objected, as the delay might prove dangerous ; he yielded at last, and it proved fatal.

He remained at the gate with six or eight men ; thirty or forty went to the house, half a mile distant. They remained too long, and he went alone to hasten them. During his absence, a party of eighteen white men came up suddenly, dispersing the small guard left at the gate ; and when the main body of slaves emerged from the house, they encountered, for the first time, their armed masters. The blacks halted, the whites advanced cautiously within a hundred yards, and fired a volley ; on its being returned, they broke in disorder, and hurriedly retreated, leaving some wounded on the ground. The retreating whites were pursued, and were saved only by falling in with another band of fresh men from Jerusalem, with whose aid they turned upon the slaves, who in their turn fell into confusion. Turner, Hark, and about twenty men on horseback retreated in some order ; the rest were scattered. The leader still planned to reach Jerusalem by a private way, thus evading pursuit ; but at last decided to stop for the night, in the hope of enlisting additional recruits.

During the night, the number increased again to forty, and they encamped on Major Ridley's plantation. An alarm took place during the darkness,—whether real or imaginary does not appear,—and the men became scattered again. Proceeding to make fresh enlistments with the daylight, they were resisted at Dr. Blunt's house, where his slaves, under his orders, fired upon them, and this, with a later attack from a party of white men near Capt. Harris's, so broke up the whole force that they never reunited. The few who remained together agreed to separate for a few hours to see if anything could be done to revive the insurrection, and meet again that evening at their original rendezvous. But they never reached it.

Sadly came Nat Turner, at nightfall, into those gloomy woods where, forty-eight hours before, he had revealed the details of his terrible plot to his companions. At the outset, all his plans had succeeded ; everything was as he predicted : the saves had come readily at his call, the masters had proved perfectly defenceless. Had he not been persuaded to pause at Parker's plantation, he would have been master, before now, of the arms and ammunition at Jerusalem ; and, with these to aid, and the Dismal Smamp for a refuge, he might have sustained himself indefinitely against his pursuers.

Now the blood was shed, the risk was incurred, his friends were killed or captured, and all for what ? Lasting memories of terror, to be sure, for his oppressors ; but, on the other hand, hopeless failure for the insurrection, and certain death for him. What a watch he must have kept that night ! To that excited imagination, which had always seen spirits in the sky, and blood-drops on the corn, and hieroglyphic marks on the dry leaves, how full the lonely forest must have been of signs and solemn warnings ! Alone with the fox's bark, the rabbit's rustle, and the screech-owl's scream, the self-appointed prophet brooded over his despair. Once creeping to the edge of the wood, he saw men stealthily approach on horseback. He fancied them some of his companions ; but before he dared to whisper their ominous names, "Hark" or "Dred," —for the latter was the name, since famous, of one of his more recent recruits,—he saw them to be white men, and shrank back stealthily beneath his covert.

There he waited, two weary days and melancholy nights,—long enough to satisfy himself that no one would rejoin him, and that the insurrection had hopelessly failed. The determined, desperate spirits who had shared his plans were scattered forever, and longer delay would be destruction for him also. He found a spot which he judged safe, dug a hole under a pile of fence-rails in a field, and lay there for six weeks, only leaving it for a few moments at midnight to obtain water from a neighboring spring. Food he had previously provided, without discovery, from a house near by.

Meanwhile, an unbounded variety of rumors went flying through the State. The express which first reached the Governor announced that the militia were retreating before the slaves. An express to Petersburg further fixed the number of militia at three hundred, and of blacks at eight hundred, and invented a convenient shower of rain to explain the dampened ardor of the whites. Later reports described the slaves as making three desperate attempts to cross the bridge over the Nottoway, between Cross Keys and Jerusalem, and stated that the leader had been shot in the attempt. Other accounts put the number of negroes at three hundred, all well mounted and armed, with two or three white men as leaders. Their intention was supposed to be to reach the Dismal Swamp, and they must be hemmed in from that side.

Indeed, the most formidable weapon in the hands of slave-insurgents is always this blind panic they create, and the wild exaggerations which follow. The worst being possible, every one takes the worst for granted. Undoubtedly a dozen armed men could have stifled this insurrection, even after it had commenced operations ; but it is the fatal weakness of a slaveholding community, that it can never furnish men promptly for such a purpose. "My first intention was," says one of the most intelligent newspaper narrators of the affair, "to have attacked them with thirty or forty men ; but those who had families here were strongly opposed to it."

As usual, each man was pinioned to his own hearth-stone. As usual, aid had to be summoned from a distance, and, as usual, the United States troops were the chief reliance. Colonel House, commanding at Fort Monroe, sent at once three companies of artillery under Lieutenant-Colonel Worth, and embarked them on board the steamer Hampton for Suffolk. These were joined by detachments from the United States ships Warren and Natchez, the whole amounting to nearly eight hundred men. Two volunteer companies went from Richmond, four from Petersburg, one from Norfolk, one from Portsmouth, and several from North Carolina. The militia of Norfolk, Nansemond, Princess Anne Counties, and the United States troops at Old Point Comfort, were ordered to scour the Dismal Swamp, where it was believed that two or three thousand fugitives were preparing to join the insurgents. It was even proposed to send two companies from New York and one from New London to the same point.

When these various forces reached Southampton county, they found all labor paralyzed and whole plantations abandoned. A letter from Jerusalem, dated August 24th, says, "The oldest inhabitant of our county has never experienced such a distressing time as we have had since Sunday night last. . . . Every house, room, and corner in this place is full of women and children, driven from home, who had to take the woods until they could get to this place." "For many miles around their track," says another, "the country is deserted by women and children." Still another writes, "Jerusalem is full of women, most of them from the other side of the river,—about two hundred at Vix's." Then follow descriptions of the sufferings of these persons, many of whom had lain night after night in the woods. But the immediate danger was at an end, the short-lived insurrection was finished, and now the work of vengeance was to begin. In the frank phrase of a North Carolina correspondent,—"The massacre of the whites was over, and the white people had commenced the destruction of the negroes, which was continued after our men got there, from time to time, as they could fall in with them, all day yesterday." A postscript adds, that "passengers by the Fayetteville stage say, that, by the latest accounts, one hundred and twenty negroes had been killed," —this being little more than one day's work.

These murders were defended as Nat Turner defended his : a fearful blow must be struck. In shuddering at the horrors of the insurrection, we have forgotten the far greater horrors of its suppression.

The newspapers of the day contain many indignant protests against the cruelties which took place. "It is with pain," says a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, September 7, 1831, "that we speak of another feature of the Southampton Rebellion ; for we have been most unwilling to have our sympathies for the sufferers diminished or affected by their misconduct. We allude to the slaughter, of many blacks without trial and under circumstances of great barbarity. . . . . We met with an individual of intelligence who told us that he himself had killed between ten and fifteen. . . . . We [the Richmond troop] witnessed with surprise the sanguinary temper of the population, who evinced a strong disposition to inflict immediate death on every prisoner."

There is a remarkable official document from General Eppes, the officer in command, to be found in the *Richmond Enquirer* for September 6, 1831. It is an indignant denunciation of precisely these outrages ; and though he refuses to give details, he supplies the place by epithets ; "revolting"—"inhuman and not to be justified,"—"acts of barbarity and cruelty,"—"acts of atrocity,"—"this course of proceedings dignifies the rebel and the assassin with the sanctity of martyrdom." And he ends by threatening martial law upon all future transgressors. Such general orders are not issued except in rather extreme cases. And in the parallel columns of the newspaper, the innocent editor prints equally indignant descriptions of Russian atrocities in Lithuania, where the Poles were engaged in active insurrection, amid profuse sympathy from Virginia.

The truth is, it was a Reign of Terror. Volunteer patrols rode in all directions, visiting plantations. "It was with the greatest difficulty," said General Brodnax, before the House of Delegates, "and at the hazard of personal popularity and esteem, that the coolest and most judicious among us could exert an influence sufficient to restrain an indiscriminate slaughter of the blacks who were suspected." A letter from the Rev. G. W. Powell declares, "There are thousands of troops searching in every direction, and many negroes are killed every day : the exact number will never be ascertained." Petition after petition was subsequently presented to the Legislature, asking compensation for slaves thus assassinated without trial.

Men were tortured to death, burned, maimed, and subjected to nameless atrocities. The overseers were called on to point out any slaves whom they distrusted, and if any tried to escape, they were shot down. Nay, worse than this. "A party of horsemen started from Richmond with the intention of killing every colored person they saw in Southampton county. They stopped opposite the cabin of a free colored man, who was hoeing in his little field. They called out, 'Is this Southampton county ?' He replied, 'Yes, sir, you have just crossed the line, by yonder tree.' They shot him dead, and rode on." This is from the narrative of the editor of the *Richmond Whig*, who was then on duty in the militia, and protested manfully against these outrages. "Some of these scenes," he adds, "are hardly inferior in barbarity to the atrocities of the insurgents."

These were the masters' stories. If even these conceded so much, it would be interesting to hear what the slaves had to report. I am indebted to my honored friend, Lydia Maria Child, for some vivid recollections of this terrible period, as noted down from the lips of an old colored woman, once well known in New York, Charity Bowery. "At the time of the old Prophet Nat," she said, "the colored folks were afraid to pray loud ; for the whites threatened to punish 'em dreadfully, if the least noise was heard. The patrols were low drunken whites ; and in Nat's time, if they heard any of the colored folks praying, or singing a hymn, they would fall upon 'em, and abuse 'em, and sometimes kill 'em, afore master or missis could get to 'em. The brightest and best were killed in Nat's time. The whites always suspect such ones. They killed a great many at a place called Duplon. They killed Antonio, a slave of Mr. J. Stanley, whom they shot ; then they pointed their guns at him, and told him to confess about the insurrection. He told 'em he didn't know anything about any insurrection. They shot several balls through him, quartered him, and put his head on a pole at the fork of the road leading to the court." (This is no exaggeration, if the Virginia newspapers may be taken as evidence.) "It was there but a short time. He had no trial. They never do. In Nat's time, the patrols would tie up the free colored people, flog 'em, and try to make 'em lie against one another, and often killed them before anybody could interfere. Mr. James Cole, High Sheriff, said, if any of the patrols came on his plantation, he would lose his life in defence of his people. One day, he heard a patroller boasting how many niggers he had killed. Mr. Cole said, 'If you don't pack up, as quick as God Almighty will let you, and get out of this town, and never be seen in it again, I'll put you where dogs won't bark at you.' He went off, and wasn't seen in them parts again."

These outrages were not limited to the colored population ; but other instances occurred, which strikingly remind one of more recent times. An Englishman, named Robinson, was engaged in selling books at Petersburg. An alarm being given, one night, that five hundred blacks were marching towards the town, he stood guard, with others, on the bridge. After the panic had a little subsided, he happened to remark, that "the blacks, as men, were entitled to their freedom, and ought to be emancipated." This led to great excitement, and he was warned to leave town. He took passage in the stage, but the stage was intercepted. He then fled to a friend's house ; the house was broken open, and he was dragged forth. The civil authorities, being applied to, refused to interfere. The mob stripped him, gave him a great number of lashes, and sent him on foot, naked, under a hot sun, to Richmond, whence he with difficulty found a passage to New York.

(To be concluded.)

THE STAMPEDE AT BULL'S RUN.

The correspondent of the New York *World*, who was present at the recent tragical fight at Bull's Run, in Virginia, between the Federal and Confederate forces, brings his description down to the hour of noon, at which time the battle commenced in the fierceness of its most extended fury. His account of the subsequent proceedings of the day is as follows :—

There was a hill at the distance of a mile and a half, to which I have hitherto alluded. From its height, overlooking the whole plain, a few shell had reached us early in the day, and as it was nearer the Manassas road than almost any other portion of the field, more of the enemy's reinforcements gathered about its ridge than to the aid of the beaten rebels in the woods and valleys. Here there was an open battery, and long lines of infantry in support, ready, for a wonder, to let our wearied fellows see the fresh forces they had to conquer.

As the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth wound round the meadows to the north of this hill, and began to cross the road apparently with the intention of scaling it, we saw a column coming down from the furthest perspective, and for a moment believed it to be a portion of Hunter's Division, and that it had succeeded in completely turning the enemy's rear. A wild shout rose from us all. But soon the look-outs saw that its ensigns bore secession banners, and we knew that Johnston or some other rebel General was leading a horde of fresh troops against our united right and centre. It was time for more regiments to be sent forward, and Keyes was ordered to advance with the First Tyler Brigade. The three Connecticut regiments and the Fourth Maine came on with a will ; the First Connecticut was posted in reserve, and the other three corps swept up the field, by the ford on the right, to aid the struggling advance.

All eyes were now directed to the distant hill-top, now the centre of the fight. All could see the enemy's infantry ranging darkly against the sky beyond, and the first lines of our men moving with fine determination up the steep slope. The cannonading upon our advance, the struggle upon the hill-top, the interchange of position between the contestants, were watched by us, and as new forces rushed in upon the enemy's side, the scene was repeated over and over again. It must have been here, I think, that the Sixty-ninth took and lost a battery eight times in succession, and finally were compelled, totally exhausted, to resign the completion of their work to the Connecticut regiments which had just come up. The Third Connecticut finally carried that summit, unfurled the stars and stripes above it, and paused from the fight to cheer for the Union cause.

Then the battle began to work down the returning half of the circle, which the enemy described during the day, driven before the desperate charges of our troops, until they reached the very point where Tyler's advance commenced the action. Down the hill, and into the valley thickets on the left, the Zouaves, the Connecticut and New York regiments, with the unconquerable Rhode Islanders, drove the continually enlarging but always vanquished columns of the enemy. It was only to meet more batteries, earthwork succeeding earthwork, ambuscade after ambuscade. Our fellows were hot and weary ; most had drank no water during hours of dust, and smoke, and insufferable heat. No one knows what choking the battle atmosphere produces in a few moments, until he has personally experienced it. And so the conflict lulled for a little while. It was the middle of a blazing afternoon. Our regiments held the positions they had won, but the enemy kept receiving additions, and continued a flank movement toward our left—a dangerous movement for us, a movement which those in the rear perceived, and vainly endeavored to induce some general officer to guard against.

Here was the grand blunder, or misfortune, of the battle. A misfortune, that we had no troops in reserve after the Ohio regiments were again sent forward, this time to assist in building a bridge across the run on the Warrenton road, by the side of the stone bridge known to be mined. A blunder, in that the last reserve was sent forward at all. It should have been retained to guard the rear of the left, and every other regiment on the field should have been promptly recalled over the route by which it had advanced, ordered only to maintain such positions as rested on a supported, continuous line. Gen. Scott says to-day that our troops had already accomplished three days' work, and should have rested long before. But McDowell tried to vanquish the South in a single struggle, and the sad result is before us.

As it was, Capt. Alexander, with his Sappers and Miners, was ordered to cut through the abattis by the side of the mined bridge, in the valley directly before us, and lay pontoons across the stream. Carlile's Artillery was detailed to protect the work, and the Ohio and Wisconsin reserve to support the artillery. Meanwhile, in the lull which I have mentioned, the thousand heroic details of federal valor, and the shamelessness of rebel treachery began to reach our ears. We learned the loss of the brave Cameron, the wounding of Heintzelman and Hunter, the fall of Haggerty and Slocum and Wilcox. We heard of the dash of the Irishmen and their decimation, and of the havoc made and sustained by the Rhode Islanders, the Highlanders, the Zouaves, and the Connecticut Third ; then of the intrepidity of Burnside and Sprague—how the devoted and daring young Governor led the regiments he had so munificently equipped again and again to victorious charges, and at last spiked, with his own hands, the guns he could not carry away. The victory seemed ours. It was an hour sublime in unselfishness, and apparently glorious in its results !

At this time, near 4 o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek where the open abattis was being assailed by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabout ; others were in distant portions of the field ; all were completely exhausted and partly dissevered ; no general of division, except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers ? Where was the foe ? Who knew whether we had won or lost ?

The question was quickly to be decided for us. A sudden swoop, and a body of cavalry rushed down upon our columns near the bridge. They came from the woods on the left, and infantry poured out behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick manœuver. I succeeded in gaining the position I had just left, there witnessed the capture of Carlile's battery in the plain, and saw another force of cavalry and infantry pouring into the road at the very spot where the battle commenced, and near which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery silenced in the morning, had doubtless all day been lying concealed. The ambulances and wagons had gradually advanced to this spot, and of course an instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way.

By the time I reached the top of the hill, the retreat, the panic, the hideous headlong confusion, were now beyond a hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Capt. Alexander, who endeavored by the most gallant but unavailable exertions to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it *all mean ?*" I asked Alexander. "It means defeat," was his reply. "We are beaten ; it is a shameful, a cowardly retreat ! Hold up, men !" he shouted, "don't be such infernal cowards !" and he rode backward and forward, placing his horse across the road, and vainly trying to rally the running troops. The teams and wagons confused and dismembered every corps. We were now cut off from the advance body by the enemy's infantry, who had rushed on the slope just left by us, surrounded the guns and sutler's wagons, and were apparently pressing on against us. "It is no use, Alexander," I said, "you must leave with the rest." "I'll be d—d if I will," was his sullen reply, and the splendid fellow rode back to make his way as best he could. Meantime I saw officers with leaves and eagles on their shoulder-straps, Majors and Colonels, who had deserted their commands, pass me galloping as if for dear life. No enemy pursued just then ; but I suppose all were afraid that his guns would be trained down the long, narrow avenue, and mow the retreating thousands, and batter to pieces army wagons and everything else which crowded it. Only one field officer, so far as my observation extended, seemed to have remembered his duty. Lieut. Col. Spiedel, a foreigner, attached to a Connecticut regiment, strove against the current for a league. I positively declare, that, with the two exceptions mentioned, all efforts made to check the panic before Centreville was reached, were confined to *civilians*. I saw a man in citizen's dress who had thrown off his coat, seized a musket, and was trying to rally the soldiers who came by, at the point of the bayonet. In reply to a request for his name, he said it was Washburne, and I learned that he was the member by that name from Illinois. The Hon. Mr. Kellogg made a similar effort. Both these Congressmen bravely stood their ground till the last moment, and were serviceable at Centreville in assisting the halt there ultimately made. And other civilians did what they could.

But what a scene ! and how terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat ! For three miles, hosts of federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the lots on either side. Army wagons, sutlers' teams and private carriages choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the late affray, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the debris. Horses, flying wildly from the battle-field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bare back, as much to save themselves from being run over, as to make quicker time. Wounded men, lying along the banks—the few either left on the field or taken to the captured hospitals, appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind, but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering everything. The regular cavalry, I record it to their shame, joined in the melee, adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned, and lay amid the ruins of a caisson, as I passed it. I saw an artillery man running between the ponderous fore and after-wheels of his gun-carriage, hanging on with both hands, and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance. The drivers were spurring the horses ; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonized expression never fixed the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness of a steep hill leading to a creek, he lost his hold, fell, and in instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him. Who ever saw such a flight ? Could the retreat at Borodino have exceeded it in confusion and